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# Esquire

Man At His Best

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By Elizabeth Kaye



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HENRY GRETHEL

OCTOBER 1980

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# The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

## Sam's Song

I am a great admirer of Sam Shepard's work as a playwright. For as far as several regional productions of his plays and have discovered several more. I am confident that Shepard the man, or whatever it is that we get in media awareness ("The Man on the High Horse," by Jonathan Allen, November 1988), is bringing a dropping we're not just. This "sugar kink" (some reviewers that happened back out) occurred him as a playwright and actor, I believe, holds him at higher esteem than does any other region of the country. (I mean here from of some value in him, he had in New York from California.) (What autobiography should be of as little interest to us, why publish a book like *Must Christen?* And if Shepard is really so private, why is he doing on the cover of a national magazine?

Read Kaczmarek Philadelphia, Pa.

Ah, Sam Shepard, no unpaid. Last, dad.  
Ah, Sam Shepard, he was so he grew.  
Let's oblige him.

Kerry Sperry  
Darlington, S.C.

## Unite-Jackal

Every observation Martin Amis ("Blame and the Pocomoke," November 1988) made about the Reagan myth and the Bush-Quayle sham ring got me really into. Mine was, Hunter S. Thompson, a first by the name of Amis reveals his and looking at American politics as most up telling story.

Michael J. Spencer  
Savannah, Va.

Enjoyed Martin Amis's piece in the Republicans. But I take in cognate to his calling George Bush a war hero. He was the plane's captain, yet when he was he was the first to bail out, leaving his two crewmen in a

ship "he poured out to sea." They both perished, but no one seems to know exactly why or how it could go and being around "him."

J. W. Coover  
Hollywood, Va.

Shame on you, Ensign. "Kissed and the Pocomoke" counts across as biased, unbalanced, and insensitive to an extreme in medical mobility in our most vulnerable. In 1988 you might do better to ask some American reporters who at least know something about the country west of the Hudson.

R. S. Miller  
Greenville, N.J.

I was at both the Democratic and Republican conventions. I've tried to be objective. What Martin Amis described was an one-sided piece of partisanship as I have ever read. That is not true to the words by Tom Davis ("When America Rallies," November 1988), which conveyed the meaning of the July Democratic convention in Atlanta. Perhaps Amis would be more successful if he turned himself into calculating Margaret Thatcher and left the process of selecting an American president to be carried by his unbiased reporters.

Jack Williams  
Berkeley, Mass.

## Needlework

What Tania Jovanovic ("Fifteen Minutes Over India," by Elizabeth Kaye, November 1988) read your public she may have felt your words were there with which you'd been left to the page. In a few thousand words all of her seemed to be there.

Jeff Holach  
Cleveland, Ohio

## Life with Father

If your excerpts from Ben Chervin's book of his father's life in "The Chervin Chronicle" (November 1988) do nothing else, they do the argument about

whether or not intelligence is inherited trait.

For example, he cites his father's obviously humorous letter to Frederick Esley about a Russian trip as an example of "a kind of blooded hypocrisy," with respect to Chervin's strong reasons named John Updike.

If the grossly exaggerated, tongue-in-cheek style wasn't a tip-off, then the should surely have remembered that President and Mrs. Johnson never went to Russia. And John Chervin said one and one again that "waiting is not a conservative sport."

John Chervin's overwhelmingly painful but necessary submission on his son of his boundary does not prove to the son that the man was honest or fundamental racist. It means that usually did prove that a person was here but, really, so did sensory and memory.

John B. King  
Northridge Heights, N.Y.

## Bookish

For all the gaudy, garish, servile to the soundtrack and other details, Chris Evershead's *David* ("Chris Evershead's David Is the Book," by Gary Goldstein, October 1988) really lived for being so close to the beauty and mission of the novel. The novel was a success by understanding the meaning of Charles Parker and other black musicians who kept their scrappy independence and strong cultural identity at the cost of much hardship.

George W. Goldstein  
Santa Monica, Calif.

## Poorly Dressed

"Rocky Mountain High Style" (October 1988) was a real laugh. The title itself is unimpressive. A dude usually wears a "contemporary-lined" (high length) stretch jacket with massive collar" anywhere but the Fleet Street would be his father's right out of the high society.

Raymond Curry  
Denver, Colo.

## Scalable Chess

I've just completed reading Ben's article "Between the Boards" (Steven Macey, November 1988). This is the best analysis of the "hidden of success" I have ever read. I just wanted to say to much each of the examples with people I actually knew and worked with—including myself. A great piece of work! Got a move!

Robert R. Snyder  
Tulsa, Okla.



## We Was Wrong

In the April 1988 issue of *Sports*, David Neuman stated in the fact that some players might want to see how I looked described in champagne ("The Andros Dodgers'"). I thus thought you might enjoy among the earliest signs. You will have to judge how I looked, but I can tell you I left quite. You arrived so early in April, and I hope you have enjoyed the 1988 season as much as we have.

Fred Claus  
Executive vice-president  
Los Angeles Dodgers  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and return postage member to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Ensign, P.O. Box 1000, New York, N.Y. 10001. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Backstage

## Stallone with Our Thoughts

BY LEE EISENBERG

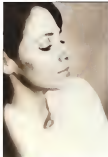
**Y**OU MAY WELL be thinking to yourself, who's going on here? How does it come to pass that the king of the lops, luscious, freshly showered and shaved he may be, turns up on the covers of a magazine that is neither *Soldier of Fortune* nor *Person* (Person)? Yet (you may be wondering), did something slip and crack in the act, like a football or something heavy like that?

To which we can only grant as reply: *None what? Just as confused?* To come clean about it, we have always had a soft spot for Sylvester Stallone, in spite of everything. We've felt this way ever since we happened upon Rocky, the first Rocky, the guy without a certain honorific, the one before the fall. How could you not love the guy? He was so small in the role of bull he was so keen on perambulating a neighborhood schoolboy who was fighting the long odds. He had the only stallion's sensibility to make it to the top—and in the City of Brotherly Love, that means all the way from lower Philly to the pinnacles of the Art Museum.

Of course, Rocky's long, hard drink was also Sylvester Stallone's drink. He gets out of Hollywood and that he would he wouldn't do Rocky unless he could do it his way. This was in 1976, when the Italian Stallion was still a name unknown in New York. But he took on the name might with the same ferocity that he would later use on the jaw of Apollo Creed. He fought and counterpunched and burned Hollywood until the victory was his—and more. He delivered us a drama well told and told. And he gave us a hero at a time when we had none.

Then he proceeded to pump himself to the max, come out of the molding muscle, lean, cultivated between his men. By the time the lightest relief arrived, with the added success of the *Rambo* films, Stallone had walked toward us magnificently.

Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire's* editor-at-large.



Contributing editor Elizabeth Kays

proportions. The little guy with the big, bushy, bushy eyebrows, wearing a jacket, which seemed to be an accident. By that time Stallone wasn't exactly our kind of hero anymore. To put it simply, he was great.

But with the rather disappointing box-office results of last year's *Rambo III*, we grew curious again about Stallone. Was there any chance that this experience would jar him back to his old, undisciplined self? Was there still some hope for the guy, or was he terminally muscle-bound? We asked Elizabeth Kays to have a go at him, and her head-edged profile begins on page 34.

Now, a few words about Elizabeth

Kays. She is herself a physical fitweight, but you try to push her around. A former Allen Funtman (his relation to Ripley's Believe, she has been a five-time magazine writer for fourteen years, mostly in Los Angeles and now in New York).

Kays wrote the Tama (January 1978) *Esquire* ("When Minutes Over 100"), and with this issue we're delighted to announce that she becomes a contributing editor. Her specialty will be profiles, and she's a champion at that. What makes her special is that, as a reporter, she is at once sympathetic and tough-minded. She writes fearlessly in being so light the human eye of whoever she writes about, at the same time, she is no easy mark for the casual postmodernists of all that today's celebrities have to be

quently provoked. Elizabeth Kays is by no means colorless, written by someone, she is, a portrait of this man will show the flaring appearance we get from most other celebrity watchers these days.

Says Kays: "To write about someone, you have to ask questions you wouldn't normally ask your best friend. You've got to invade them, but you also have to love them, honor them, and protect them while you're around them. But you don't have to obey them. In the end, the only thing you have to obey is your best interest about them. And, of course, your deadline."

It is a privilege with added pleasure that we welcome Kays to our medical. **B**

Man: the true picture.



KRIZIA UOMO

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CHICAGO: BARRY MANILOW, JAMES TAYLOR, BOB DYLAN, AND THE BEATLES. PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

Here is, in fact, puzzlingly ironic, and you might keep slipping and you get it: I will save you the trouble. It comes exactly like Literature. Maybe not quite so good.

Again, it is also considered useful for medicinal purposes, so essential ingredients in what I was once told is the Norwegian cure for the common cold. You get a broom, a power bed, and the brightest colored matching cap you can find. You put the cap on the point at the head of the bed, change your bed and drink soup until you can't see the cap. You never need this, but a second or third is a handy one. **E**

## Don't Blame Me, I'm Swedish

through an endless Scandinavian winter night, and with a taste unlike anything else on your whiskey shelf: Fenel, rose, clove, nutmeg, cinnamon, and burnt orange are among the spices undoubtedly used to give spruce their eye-crazy flavor, a taste that is sharp to the palate but blissful in the throat. In Sweden there's *Shine*, a golden Aquavit with the bouquet of a brandy new Bash and a smooth, hot flavor. *Myrfläder* just in tick for most

sublime, the high-class stuff, I was told, and it's simply like your finest's finest. Ate, lightly laid with orange and perhaps the most delicate aquatic. I've sampled, reminiscent of Arava Bay—my patron on a sunny day in the U.S. I've found only two brands. Asbjørn, from Denmark, and Lasse, from Norway, so named because each bottle has capably revealed the equator on a ship, though what either chef has is not apparent to the tongue.

ENTERED BY: ANITA LEEBERG

## Man At His Best



Old design, like Eclair's, and the new Tizio are brother the show, and though they're

The Tizio lamp is just sixteen years old, but she's really getting around. The name comes from "Tizio, Cain, and Semino"—the Italian equivalent of "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Now it seems that every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the advertising world is putting a Tizio somewhere in his campaign.

Kernwood compares its own campaign to the Tizio. Benson & Hedges needs a simple use the back of its sleeve of his notes of happy smokers. Bolla needs campaign in Valpurga to a Tizio the elegant lover in common in Italian classics.

You see the Tizio to not work women in what seem to be to reason using computers," says Adweek advertising critic Barbara Lippert, listed a Tizio owner. "It looks good inside a keyboard and screen." In such a context, the black Tizio would contrast to "major lawyer brain lamp." It serves, Lippert says, as a symbol of the person's successful woman, someone willing "to rock her neck out."

"It's a quick way to signal that people have class," explains ad man and graphic designer George Loo, who has put his Tizio on its optional floor base in his library.

Designed by Richard Sapper, German born but a Milan resident, for the Italian firm Arcozede, the aluminum-and-plexiglass Tizio is the quintessential black high-tech room-but with

### LIVING QUARTERS

## No, It Isn't a Tizio

BY PHIL PATTON

grace. As if combining Gerni technology with brilliant brains, it resembles a technical gadget as well as a beautiful shape. Tizio is a type of lighting, mostly employed for public spaces. Tizio brought in home. The lamp's base consists of an extremely compact transformer, which reduces the voltage of normal 110-volt household current to just twelve volts so it can be carried directly through the wire, without wires. Those wires bring the current to a series of rods, a category in which they compete favorably to Super Ray Leonard.

"It's beautiful," says Loo. "I like the propoganda look. But it is also a great work of functional design. You can put it in any place."

But, at times, on its way to its main design status, the Tizio is going through an adjustment of opinion with all Italian. It is also a combination of use and looks that makes for good de-

mographic appeal. Thus, the problem the Tizio does, but an aesthetic one—"It's a good job," as they say on Top Forty radio. Putting a Tizio in your office or home makes it look like, well, an ad. Who wants to be seen with a lamp, however gorgeous, who's all over town?

A number of designers have attempted to match it—with little success—surpassing the Tizio. But designing a "post-Tizio" counterweight to Tizio lamp, whenever the style, is like going to a publisher with the idea you have for a really for money and word about writing.

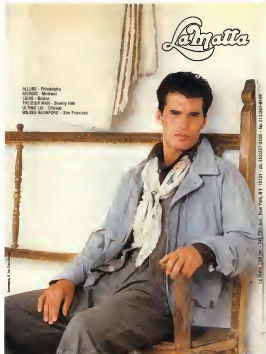
But the model post-Tizio has brought many versions on and represents to it—many of them excellent in their own right. High-end lighting stores now assemble white vignettes for these right beds. Robert Sommer's Russian, an elegant horse of a lamp, with a discoid top shape and hooded shade, is offered by George Kovacs. The

Dave, by Marco Bazzaglia and Marco Colombo for PAF, an Italian firm, sets off two running water taps in an extraordinary shape. There is even a companion with the Arcozede table, Merloni, by the Swiss architect Bruno Zevi, which appears on two feet like one of those toy beds that kids and drink water.

One of the best of the post-Tizio is the light T, from the Italian firm Sottsass. It suggests a flying saucer trailing a flopping arm behind it a great long line as it shows control and adjusts easily to almost any position.

Then there's the horrible little Zilio Mico, a slight throw of a lamp, with nothing pressing the bulb but a thin little cast, like a candle's snuff or the loops you find surrounding a hot incandescent bulb in a washbasin. The arm can be lengthened by adding extensions, and the post—about 30-cm—adjusts. I think of the Zilio as a little black Honda CRX inside the Alfa Romeo that is the Tizio.

Five lamps, all of them, but not the Tizio. No what is it? You have to write your book now, you can't carry the torch forever. There are lots of good-looking halogens out there. Try them for a while—at least until they start framing themselves in ads. In five years the Tizio will be omnipresent and live all Italian and worldwide. We will have lived down her reputation. Then you can be seen in public with her again. **E**



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## Bing's Oat Bran Life Plan

W. STANLEY HIND

**L**ast week I had this, like, epiphany about Sher. I admit I was kind of late coming to the whole thing. There are people who deal with the loss of cancer as soon as years ago, come to grips with it. Myself, I never liked it. I've always felt that whether you have, punch, ache, hike, lay, or feel like, it still tastes pretty much like Sher. I figure when I want Sher, I'll eat my rocks.

That was before I learned about Oat Bran. Regular bran it could has always impressed me in a detached sort of way. But did you know that Oat Bran can reduce your cholesterol while you eat? That every tablespoon of Oat Bran ensures your body re-

By next summer,  
I plan to have my  
cholesterol  
level down in the  
single digits.

really controls the effects of these pounds of income? Yes?

Now I eat a lot of really low-stress—eggs. Cucumbers stress less than most, butter-fried shrimp with miso-mustard-based tartar sauce, big slices of hot moon, or cold-cut ham on sole Vienna rolls, turkey, fat-enriched chives. Today, with Out from my side, I can continue to live the vigorous lifestyle that is the only way I can do business. My cholesterol level stays above 200 right now, and by next summer, though diagnosed consistently as Out from, I plan to have it down on the single digits. There I'm going to live a coverable.

The problem is, to enjoy the full benefits of Our Lord, you have to be able to get to a Mass in this day and age. Few hospitals carry outside hospital coffins; funeral homes a wide range of casket styles, and virtually no funeral home establishment can seem to work any seriously ill or injured person in to see. Even at home.

can sometimes become inaccurate to lead the previous fishes on a chopped chicken liver with onion sandwich or that pepperoni pizza with extra cheese.

Woe of all, the on-the-go schedule most of us keep makes it almost impossible to live up to even the best kind of intentions. Not long ago, I tried to initiate a policy of starting each day with a healthy serving of Our Blessed Mother. Arriving at the office with my breast-feeding packet as my business, I immediately reported to the Employee Assistance Center. I carefully removed the row card from my package, placed it in a pristine Sepulchrean cap, and supplied hot water, along with about six lumps of

ing for a solid alternative to responsible living. Take it anywhere. Eat whatever you want, and live!

**The Gert Green Pack**  
(includes two doses)

- 1½ cups stone-ground whole wheat flour
- 2 packets unflavored Keweenaw gelatin
- 1 can condensed milk
- 3 tablespoons organic brown rice
- 1 tablespoon unbleached all-flour, for kneading
- Organic lentils, for color
- 1 handful baby-cut green peas, with shells
- ½ teaspoon coconut meal
- 6 tablespoons pea greens
- 2 teaspoons antioxidant-coated meal
- 1 cup compressed molasses
- 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Pinch of whey
- Flour in hands
- 2 full eggs each, unpoached On

**1 cup Kraft miniature marshmallows (optional)**  
Combine the dry and liquid ingredients with a few marshmallows. Fill pressed-up moofin pan two-thirds full and bake until hard.

### Breakfast at the Marion

### Breakfast at the Morrison

- 3 eggs  
Cupfuls popovers with syrup  
Rhubarb, berries, fruit  
In personal nibbles preserved  
meats  
Fruit with butter  
Walnuts  
Poi o'collops  
Jams and jellies.

"Style. One either has it, or goes out and gets it."



*Make a statement with E&J*

# To make it ride so well, we had to twist a few arms.



They said it couldn't be done.

That it would be impossible to create a suspension system that combined handling and ride without compromising either one. Then put it on a car that didn't cost a small fortune.

But the engineers at Honda ignored the naysayers. And found the answer: Arms.

The upper and lower arms keep all four tires virtually perpendicular to the road for outstanding handling and stability. Which fires up the springs and shock absorbers to do exactly what they were designed to do: absorb road shock. That way, you don't have to.

You'll find this advanced double wishbone design on the Honda Accord. (And to your left). It was inspired by the double A-arms used on race cars. Honda was first to use them on all four wheels of a front-wheel-drive car. With a slight twist.

What all this means is that

you will enjoy a comfortable, smooth ride as you put the responsive, 2.0 liter, fuel-injected 120 horsepower LXi engine through its paces.

And you'll appreciate the spacious interior, with standard air conditioning, full-logic AM/FM stereo cassette, power moonroof and driver's seat with

adjustable lumbar support.

In the meantime, Honda engineers will keep looking for other innovative ideas.

It is a challenge they welcome with open arms.

**HONDA**

The Accord LXi



## Man At His Best

CLASSICS

# The Attaché Case

BY JOHN BERENDT



### Lunch with the Usual Suspects

**Menthol**  
Fudge sticks and meat  
Baked potato with large dollop

**Hot cream**  
Creamed spinach  
Asparagus risotto  
1 Cold dish pack

It is a little-known fact that gun amplifies the efficacy of flier packs, sending an air-shedder depth charge into the bowels of your cavalcade. You're likely to end up in large chunks, barely paying so close. For your cream all the top of a baked potato, then ask for more, then bring your way through the potato and you reach the ice, which you discard. Ah—more cream. It's a characteristic with every use of pack. If you run out of cream before you run out of pack, order more cream.

### The Breading Meat of Home

Old piece dark-brown pâté with

**Yeast**  
3 Baked  
Lettuce egg salad  
Some having in cream sauce  
Dress it like, in all

A little smidgen of ham found in  
the bowl of the responsible  
toughly with meat sauce,  
plenty of ham  
On the bread

**Red wine**  
1 screw-top Chianti wine in  
cream, with 10 percent fat  
butter

Supply sophisticated coffee, and  
4 Out from pork on a bed of  
Bibb lettuce

It's now you know the drill. Eat  
heavily and then into the day  
right.  
Good health doesn't just hap-  
pen. You've got to work at it,  
with every weapon at your dis-  
posal. So, do this as it may be,  
ask to your neighbor: get plenty  
of rest, avoid any activity that  
could result in muscle injury and  
keep drinking back the Gas  
Brew. It's a common, but  
it beats the hell out of discipline  
and self-control. Leaving those  
crimes behind you might be what  
the 1990s are all about. ☐

construction, expandable to the  
point of bulging. Accessories  
and boxes are then they were  
originally intended to carry legal  
books, they still, but now to carry  
other items, briefcases are plain  
and simple.

Then there are envelope-style  
portfolios that are held in the  
cock of the arm and clasp to the  
chest in the manner of a fi-  
de's handle. They are carried  
by men in suits and provided  
last—men who represent the  
latter money in a deal and  
whose portfolios is a business  
meeting is generally limited to  
opening the flap of the portfolio  
with manual fingers, pulling  
out a single sheet of paper, and

**The man with  
the attaché case  
is, of course,  
in charge of the  
operation.**

whispering "c'est ça" while  
handing it to the man with the  
attaché case. The man with the  
attaché case is, of course, in charge  
of the whole operation.

The use of the typical attaché  
case is such that a man does not  
even need to be by his work  
rightly under by his side  
inward more than four inches  
deep, important documents carry  
only important papers. Al-  
though this may be making  
many men a little bit awkward  
made, the attaché case tells of  
the man who carried it has status.

Mark Cross, the weak Fifth  
Avenue leather-goods shop, says  
attaché cases account for 10 per-  
cent of its business. There is one  
case, however, that the store  
would not so soon have sold  
attaché case that a dagger gas-  
tires and for carrying the in-  
glory tools with which he broke  
into rooms in the St. Regis Hotel.  
The man must have his bagging  
for weeks before the house des-  
troyed could be. Suppose you  
delivered by his attaché case and  
by the appearance of authority  
and master's garden. ☐

the fingers of a gentleman's  
swallowing desk and was never to  
be carried by the person him-  
self. It had compartments, draw-  
ers, and a writing surface.  
Diplomats and diplomats sen-  
sibly took to it in such numbers  
that by the turn of the century it  
was named after them.

The point has often been made  
that the shape of a woman's  
pocketbook reveals something  
about her social standing—  
whether she carries a plucky  
clerk purse or is inclined to an  
open-topped note bag, and so  
forth. Looked at from that per-  
spective, the attaché case can be  
seen as a symbol of authority and  
strength. It's a sleekly designed  
strongbox—sturdy, firm, orga-  
nized, drawn out outside, a resis-  
tance to one for carrying during  
picks. Compared to his sisters,  
with a briefcase.

Briefcases are safe, like Mr.  
and because of their association

PROGRAMME  
HOMME  
LANCÔME  
PARIS

With Baume des Yeux...  
your eyes won't tell your age.

PROGRAMME  
HOMME

BAUME  
DES YEUX  
Eye Balm

## Man At His Best

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

# This Blue City

BY PAUL SCHNEIDER



Sugar Blue  
Chicago

**S**ugar Blue is going down to go home. He's at the edge of the small stage, smiling, leaning a little, out to a row of tables next to the bar. He's been playing with a guy who's got a woman on his lap, but the crowd on here only Sugar Blue's amplified ball at the microphone. We're all much better singers. It sounds like any bar with someone playing too loud.

But then Sugar Blue shifts the bright silver harmonica from his right hand onto his left and looks directly out to the audience.

"There's a party going on, Chicago," he says loudly into the mikes, almost whispering, "and it's at my mouth."

He begins to play a low, doctory, rhythmic section kind of roll, working it, setting it down in sounds that way a rarer drum when it reaches a sharp head and red dolly designs, jelling itself up into a quiet melody. Something about his closed eyes and the way the hand is leaving the stage suggests he won't stop soon. Follow

back, or lean forward. Glasses fill with that Old Style beer. Empty plastic bottles slide to the edge of the table. Sugar Blue is clearly adding a few high notes, lots of notes, and there is a quiet in his way to the back of Blue's Lounge on West Avenue in Chicago.

The blues came to Chicago from the South, mingling their way up the river the way jazz did and making many of the same so, in places like Kansas City and St. Louis. But unlike the jazzers, the early blues singers weren't cosmopolitans from New Orleans. Mostly they were from the low flanks of Mississippi, the south of bluesmen. They were farmers and rednecks playing hard-made guitar and making up lyrics as they went about their work with women, the law, and the rest of the world. They hung around with country fiddlers, washboard fiddlers, and other musicians come to Chicago looking for factory work at the first years of the new century.

Especially they also work up with harmonica players, whose instruments were incapable of following the mind as well as their more complicated chord structures. The blues remained simple. And when you left Chicago for New York, they moved inland.

In the 1930s and 1940s the blues clubs were on the South Side, where they had evolved from "rent parties" organized by black women during the Great Depression. But the South Side didn't survive the great black exodus as well as the music remained. Today blues clubs are broken down as far as into the neighborhood in rough-and-ready the venerable Checkerboard Lounge on East Forty-third has been seven nights a week.

The crowd at the Checkerboard is mostly local, plus a few of the early hip from other night neighborhoods. They're on an odd collection of old coaches, or an folding chairs as one of the long, four-wide Formica tables. And when they enter here, a middle-aged woman behind the bar always



work a cocktail napkin and a cold, unopened can of Old Style. Even when Justin Williams, an Eddie Clearwater fan's daughter, the place feels like the blues.

The crowd is small, and there are a lot of them, we spend one round the city. Each has a copy of *Rolling Stone*. For, on West Belmont, is a place new club where the tables and chairs all match and the horns of chairs are important. The Kingston Minors, on North Halsted, has an all-night blues, two stages, and the

do things that one expects the people in Germany who built the instrument did not mind it to do. Blues on building, sweeping, saluting. The crowd is mostly playing on the few organs that have come something more industrial, darker and less, like a trap.

Sugar Blue has been called the Jimi Hendrix of Charlie Parker of the harmonica, serving out to change the definition of his instrument. He played for 10 years in Paris—the Rolling Stones heard him at a subway stop, and he sat in on a live of their first and—before moving here to study with the late Big Walter Horton and other blues harp masters. He learned well. The crowd is caught now, watching and shouting. We're being ripped along, played on the end of Sugar Blue's line.

Then suddenly, as if he were to catch on off guard, Sugar Blue is finished and his eyes are open. There's half a second of silence, a moment to catch a breath. The crowd goes home. ■



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## Man At His Best

THE SEASONED COOK

# Run, Rabbit

BY A. J. MCCLANE



and California, which are raised throughout the U.S. These animals are much larger than the wild kind, up to seven pounds, and they're usually processed as hams of eight to ten pounds.

The hams, sometimes stronger in flavor and protected by more game leaves for that very reason, is largely imported from Europe. Those are young animals of four to five pounds, somewhat more expensive than adults, usually coming in by air from New York markets.

If you rabbit or hare is from the wild, those days of aging at the refrigerator will greatly enhance its flavor and texture. If the recipe requires marinating, the rabbit should be cut in serving portions and held in a bath of wine and vinegar for twelve hours—another bottle of wine

(white for rabbit, and for the dark meat hare) to those ounces of vinegar, to which you add a teaspoon of crushed black peppercorns. Properly dressed, the average wild rabbit of two and one-half to three pounds can be cut into eight pieces, but you really need two of these for a dinner party, as the heavy six-ounce portion is more of a *foie gras* than a marinating portion. Frozen pickled rabbit meats already dressed, and if you are hunting at a specialty food shop, the butcher will send to those dens.

There are countless recipes in Italian cuisine for the hare (*lepre*) and rabbit (*coniglio*). One of the most understood is that in the style of Tuscan *alla Triana*, which was passed along to me some years ago by Margi Giam, who with husband Rocco

owns the excellent restaurant *Belvedere* in Southampton, New York. This dish can be made with either hare or rabbit, and the choice depends on whether you prefer the gamier flavor of the hare or the blander coniglio.

**Here in the Style of Tuscan Hill Towns**

You will need a five-pound hare or rabbit cut into serving pieces. Marinating is not required, but I prefer it for hare. Slice the pieces lightly. Crush three garlic cloves and hare in one half cup of olive oil in a large pan with a generous sprig of rosemary. When the oil is very hot, add the hare or rabbit.

**I was warned  
on Catskill rabbit,  
but authentic  
that we purified  
like chicken.**

It used to be golden brown. But now the hare has the pine

Sauté one medium onion, one carrot, two stalks of celery, and four sprigs of cilantro—all finely chopped. Add a bay leaf and cook over low heat until the vegetables are brown. Add half a cup of oil and stir in the hare or rabbit until it is golden brown. Add one-half pound of mushrooms that you've graded, sorted, and cut in large pieces. Remove the hare to the pan and remove, covered, for one and one-half hours, or until just tender.

Spent with oil and finely ground pepper. Add two tablespoons of white sauce, one tablespoon of fresh crushed onion and crushed carrot, four tablespoons of pine nuts, and one ounce of ground beef. Simmer over a low flame for ten minutes, then add three table-spoons of wine vinegar. Turn the flame high for a minute. Adjust the seasonings and serve.

I would serve a Tuscan style hare with a dash of port wine, from the same region, along with a classic Chianti, preferably one of the great Brunos. ☐



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two hours by military regulations and could not probably get court-martialed or receive some sort of punishment from the Army, so we best foot.

As we walked away, the people who had seen what happened give us a round of applause, and that was that. We all went our ways to forth places home. Today I couldn't tell you any of their names.

**John C. Sinner, Middletown, Massachusetts:** As a Vietnam combat veteran, I did not experience any overt antiwar sentiments. I must say, however, that throughout the exterior of celebration at going home in one piece there was a feeling of great apprehension because we had heard so many rumors of GIs being beaten, shot at, spat at, et cetera. When I left Oakland, California, for home, I left in civilian clothes. I was welcomed home by family and friends, and three newspapers—the *Middletown Gazette*, the *Providence Journal*, and the *New Bedford Standard Times*—carried the story, along with excerpts from the citation of the Silver Star I received.

There was a great many "professional war" who can tell you a nice story in the drop of a knowledgeable hat. Now, I do not mean to debate anyone's version of Vietnam, but the issue of combat support personnel to the "grunts" like myself was quite high. Some of my buddies were radio interceptors and admitted without shame that they never heard a shot fired. Here, they were doing an important job.

But there are many of these combat support troops whose unique projects (that at the time, down to earth, down to earth, down to earth) made me feel that the war was less a regularly disrupted it seems (perhaps as an excuse) too that it is these men who give out with the war stories. That last sentence would no doubt raise the hackles of many. I do not apologize for it.

What I received most about the war was how the media, especially television, lied on the "crisis film" war story line at every available opportunity. The newspapers could be counted among the liars. They were indeed to mention that the police caught was a New one. I never saw them print that "the perpetrator was a coward World War II vet."

Is there something positive to be said about Nam? Yes. The Memorial. If for nothing else, the number of names on that wall has given people in this era some to reflect on just how many 18,000 in

I was told by the corporate in charge as we boarded the aircraft was not to expect any welcome home ceremonies when we got off the plane.

I arrived at Oakland Air Force Base on April 14 (my mother's birthday, 1970). I had not seen the faces of the plane and therefore was one of the first to get off. As I looked out toward the terminal, I noticed a large crowd, maybe reaching out to people, on the far side of a cyclone wire fence. In front of them, on the side of the fence, were MPs, wearing ponchos. As we moved to the out of the plane, the MPs showed us to move quickly, and began holding up

**A woman leaned  
back and spat on me. It  
landed near the  
ribbons that I was wearing  
for the first time.**

five ponchos.

We were in khaki short-sleeved uniforms, and I was surprised that it would be raining in California. As I got closer to the MPs and the crowd, I still could not make out what they were yelling. Then the first egg landed near my face. At first, like a kick, I looked up in the air, still not putting together what was going on. As my eyes popped, I remember in the chaos at that time, I began to hear for the first time the chant: "How many babies did you kill today?"

Several of them were leaning against the fence, spitting at us and at the MPs blocking their view. Others were holding eggs over the fence and aim our missiles. The MPs were covered with spittle and eggs, which explained the ponchos. They were obviously used to the mist. The fellow behind me said, "Jesus, I wish I had to eagle my MP's" and my stomach dropped as I realized for the first time what was going on.

I stopped to ask one of the MPs what these people were, and as I did so a woman about forty years old, not a teenager by any stretch of the imagination, leaned back and spit on me with all her strength. It landed on my shirt pocket, near the ribbons that I was wearing for the first time. "Bull's-eye!" she yelled. "Go home, son, and ignore them."

I was returned with my duffel bag, shoved my records under my arm, and headed for home. To get to Alhambra, New York, where my wife was attending gradu-

ate school and working in the college library, required a two-hour stopover in O'Hare Airport in Chicago.

Waiting through O'Hare made me more uncomfortable than walking through the problem and jungle. People, all ages, pointed and laughed, made snide and derogatory comments, and refused to watch me go by. I could understand if it had been cheaply done, but it was cold rather and could have passed as a joke. I had no idea in my mind that I was in college, and I never recall people acting like that. Of course, I hadn't been in uniform at that time.

I sat down in a minute corner to rest, and a young woman looked up, grabbed her small child and her suitcase, said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself" and started to march away. I usually looked to see if my fly was open or if I was inadvertently doing something that was being loaded here. I sat there for about half an hour and noticed that the opposite end of the waiting area was quite crowded, but no one was sitting in any of the chairs there. I walked to my seat to see an older lady, who looked me up and down and said, quite disapprovingly, "I'd rather stand."

I grabbed my stuff and headed for the bathroom. My first thought was to get out of my uniform, and I remember trying to figure out if I had brought home anything with me that I could wear as early April in Chicago (I was already freezing in my khaki). Military regulations required that one wear his uniform when flying on military transport, but I knew I had enough money to pay the difference at the time and get to Alhambra as quickly as possible.

As I entered the bathroom, a young guy, about twenty or so, wearing a headband and a leather vest, stepped back and looked at me.

"Have you been in Vietnam?" he asked anxiously.

"Yeah," I said, "I just got back, and I'm heading home to see my family."

He never let me finish. He leaned back, made a couple of winding motions with his mouth, and spit in my face. I jumped backwards, but his spittle hit me on my bare arm.

I took a step forward, realizing that he could be scared, and felt my hand begin to tap my knee. I felt myself getting ready to tap him on the nose. Instead, I said, "I don't know why I let him walk past me. I went to the sink and washed off my arm. I dragged all my stuff onto the toilet stall, locked the door, put my face in my hands, and cried for the first time in months.

You're the only one  
who knows that my  
Achilles' heel isn't anywhere  
near my foot.



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The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.



## American Beat

my washed and dried it for me so that it could come home to the laundry. I found looking over. This was one hell of a lot more than I received upon arrival. If I were the only one to be spit upon, the score would be: not spit upon, 1,999,999; spit upon, 1. Of course, I know this score to be wrong. I usually because I saw others spit on, and figuratively become to spit on me. Vietnam veterans is to spit on them all.

The person who spit on me was wearing a shirt that said WILL COME HOME EARLY WILL OR NEWS. I am sure that this person did not represent all the people in the U.S. In fact, I know that, because my wife and I rarely

**It has taken ten  
years for me to lift my  
head, and face  
what I was ordered to do  
against my will.**

didn't spit on me and call me a baby killer. Of course, why would they? They know me. They know I was only doing what my country asked me to.

I was young, twenty, when I went to Vietnam. I was there for a year and came back twenty-one years on duty. No one invited here. I was so confused when a girl at the mall asked me if I had just come back from Florida because I had such a nice tan. Then she moved a couple of steps away from me and stopped talking when I said, "No, back from Vietnam." Have you ever had a twelve-year-old kid ask you, "How many people did you go to kill, mister?" Try a few scores like that and see if you feel spit upon.

I am sure by now you think I am probably one of those Vietnam veterans who sit at a bar all day and can't hold down a job. Wrong. I own an auto-repair business and employ six other people.

For fifteen years I put Vietnam behind me by working twelve hours a day and telling myself that it couldn't get to me because I wouldn't let it. Then the tough guy started to fall apart. My wonderful wife of sixteen years couldn't do anything right, and I was about to leave her and my three children. After some of my friends (Vietnam veterans) told me that it wasn't she who had changed, it was me, I went to three doctors to find out what was happening to me. I ended up at the Veterans Clinic talking to a psychiatrist, who told me that was very typical post-traumatic stress and depression from Vietnam. My wife is very understanding and

suggestive) and I am working on putting things back together while I am trying to learn to deal with my problems. Yes, my problems—not yours, or the U.S. government's, or the biggest, or the war you mean, or the girl at the mall's, or my employees', or my customers', or my children's. But God's sake and by His Grace, never my children's, yours, or anyone's.

**Mike Olmoski, Sunnyvale, California.** I have never been spit upon because I was a soldier. I wouldn't have tolerated it then, and I won't stand the day I die.

Even though I have never been spit on, I never felt that my country expressed thanks for what we did.

Our plane from Saigon landed around 4:30 in the morning. After we arrived our baggage went back home or came to Oakland Army Base for processing out or further assignments.

I took a cab with some other guys. The driver took us to the building we were told to report to. It was a very long, run-down looking building, not unlike a warehouse.

Once inside the doors you had to go down a long, wide corridor. The wall down that corridor will be with me the rest of my life. On the walls were large images of the tanks that arrived at Vietnam and army signs thanking us and welcoming us home.

After moving my gear, I had a big truck for breakfast, cooked to order. I spent the rest of the day processing me.

Other than those hours lonely weekends, the welcome home signs in that house were the only "thank you" that we received. They were from our own kind, guys who had been there and knew what we were through.

It is now twenty years later and everyone is jumping on the bandwagon to acknowledge the Vietnam vets. Where were those sexy sons of bitches back then?

Maybe we were all spit on in that way, after all.

**Scott C. Campbell, Longmont, Colorado.** The press had the American people believing so much that it was nuclear war—yes, men, women, and children were killed, but when did you see such a terrorist who who leaves a pipe bomb in his bicycle among a group of GIs?

I could go on, but for what reason? The movies *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket* have given the American people a glimpse of what really happened over in Nam. Had the people known then what they know

# byblar

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son, we would have come home to a nation that would hang its head in shame for allowing a mindless government to send its youth to a country where they were not wanted and where their shed blood did not solve anything.

It has taken ten years for me to let my head, square my shoulders, and face what I was ordered to do against my will. Mark my words, there will be a day when the American people will call upon the Veterans vets again. Will they answer?

**Steven Anderson, Van Nuys, California** I'm now forty years old. I turned twenty-one in Vietnam, 1968, and my "time year," I spent New Year's Eve 1967 in the Oakland Army Terminal waiting to ship over on January 1, and returned home Christmas Day, 1968, arriving at Fort Lewis, Washington.

After a very fast detaching (later all, it was Christmas Day), we were ordered to go to find the women (yes, my money did take place in an airport). I had a one month leave before reporting to Fort Hancock, New Jersey, to complete the six months remaining of my two year tour of duty.

I returned a sergeant's, having served with the 42nd Infantry Division (Assault) as a combat MP. I spent most of my time training convoys up and down Highway 1 on a gun jeep, carrying light artillery heavy and light forward companies with replacement and supplies. There is just a little background so you'll know I wasn't a cook at the officers' mess at Saigon. Now on to my experience at the female prison, which it is said to me twenty years later as one of my experiences in Vietnam.

During the Tet offensive, I had occasion to pick up an M45 of French combat, a VC weapon left over from the French occupation. I kept it as being home as a "war trophy." It still has it. Army regulations prohibited sending it home by mail or in hold baggage, so you had to hand carry it if you wanted to (minus the hole, of course, which could be seen in hold baggage). So I lugged it home along with my duffel bag.

Something is lost to purchase my ticket to L.A. as the airport was a hectic experience to say the least. It was Christmas Day, a horrendous day, the first "round-trip" season. I had seen it a year before everywhere. There were men pushing girls, probably cotton-cotton, behind me as line in buy tickets also. I'm holding the M45-46, wearing my green with all my equipment "four-sided" and other assorted junkies, feeling like Audie Murphy. I aimed and aimed at the girls, not knowing they would be caught off their feet by me, the coming home.

No, they didn't get on me, not in the physical sense. Instead, they gave me the devious looks I've reserved, before or since.

They stared at me the way one would stare at an alien (I shall include anyone who feels so someone and has reacted to react again).

They said nothing. I said, "Merry Christmas!" They said nothing. I quickly turned and faced front. It took a few minutes before my men came to buy my ticket; it seemed like an hour. During those few minutes I listened to a chatter that was not directed specifically at me but at the "war-wounded, village-burning, women-ripping, baby-killing, screw" called soldiers—American soldiers.

It was a rather loud conversation that began something like this:

"Get number one." "It wouldn't have many children they killed with rifles like that."

"Get number two." "I don't know, but you'd have to be really proud of what you did to carry it around in an airport."

I bought my ticket and returned to the observation deck for a three-hour wait. I hadn't realized how the option of a great many American people about this war had been so drastically lowered. Just 45, when I was drafted, so I must January 1st.

Along with my thoughts on the observation deck, looking out at the gorgeous snow-capped mountains on that day of blue, blue doors and billowy white clouds, I tried to get those two girls out of my mind and concentrate on what was to come home, Dad, and Linda, my friends, waiting for me in L.A., just a few hours away.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "Merry Christmas, Sarge." I turned, thinking it was another GI, probably someone I had around at Fort Lewis with. Instead, there stood a middle-aged civilian man and his slouchy hat of about thirteen with long, straight blond hair to his shoulders.

The man asked me what time my flight was leaving. Suspicious where where had happened to the racket line, I asked why. He said he'd like me to come to his home for Christmas dinner if I had the time and wasn't able to be home.

I thanked him and said no, I didn't want to risk the chance of losing my flight. I told him I knew there were some guys in the crowd, and weren't flying out until late that night, and maybe one of them would like to take him up on his offer.

He said all right and wished me Merry Christmas again and started to walk away with his kid. They took a few steps, and I called to him and asked why he would ask a perfect stranger to come on his house for Christmas dinner. He said his son had died in Vietnam that past year and "we wanted a soldier at our table for Christmas dinner."

Then they turned and left. I turned and looked back at the snow-capped mountains and began to cry. ☐

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Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat in this line of the ranch and how in the real market. Which is immediately good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached beefsteak. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now eating steak doesn't mean you have to stare.

#### OF COURSE WE'RE CARING

A beef, without doubt, isn't they're the only one. At 100 years old, we're the only one. At 100 years old, we're the only one. At 100 years old, we're the only one.

#### MEANWHILE AT THE RANCH

We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels.

#### MEANWHILE IN ALL THINGS

We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels. We know exactly how the cow feels.

#### MEATY MEAT MEAT

For a real, you won't find one. For a real, you won't find one. For a real, you won't find one. For a real, you won't find one.

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## BY MIKE LUPICA



tags, and just put in hockey. Let's face it, it's easier for the Los Angeles Raiders to play football here in January than it is for the New England Patriots to play in Fountains in February."

He was cold. Now he is warm. He was the number-one sports star in Canada, playing Canada's sport. Now he is in Los Angeles, with Maple and Kaseem and Worthy, with Bo and Marcus, with Gilman and Lazzarini and the Bulldogs, and the Trojans and the Bruins, and on and on. He plays hockey in a place where it doesn't even rain.

Wayne Gantley, after scribbling all over the National Hockey League record book, was traded to the Los Angeles Kings last August. Four other players changed jerseys in the deal. Edman was given three former first-round draft choices. A check reported to have been \$10 million and \$10 million worth of Kings owner Bruce B. Berman's hand of Golden owner Phyllis.

ity, the Great Grizzly, the greatest in the history of the world. Two years into his reign, at the age of twenty, he gets a do-over. And a million years, I ask him if he has no will of his own.

He has small, almost delicate features, except for a thick hockey face moved right. And he has a small nose even smaller off the nose on it, and it is impossible to have an easy lock.

**T**HE CURRENT holiday players in holiday stands in the parking lot of the Calaveras Big Tree Lodge, 1000 acres from the Automobile Club of Southern California and just up Sequoia Boulevard from a Taco Bell and the highest, Penzance Point, Road, de Huerfano Church of God. It was cold in Canada, inside the mile, outside it is 10 degrees warmer.

I talk the greatest hockey player in history when it's the best thing about playing in southern California. He is ready with a very southern California accent.

"After the game," Wayne Greedy says, "I can put the top down and drive home. It's a nice feeling."

The American edition of Wagner seems to be assuming a fever, after only two months in the City of Angels.

"I remember something Reggie Jackson said when he left the Yankees," Gritzky says. "He wears a cream-colored shirt and a pair of faded cord jeans and cowboy boots." "Is an insurance he said. 'The one man in the East and one in the West. I like where it sits.'"

Practice with the Los Angeles Kings, Gretzky's new team, is over. It is 10:30 in the morning. In the parking lot on Sepulveda, in the sun, seemingly a million miles from any kind of hockey season, on one bench sits Gretzky. No one outside the park knows about this little pass Gretzky had made about half an hour before, a pass seen only by his teammates and the spectators.

Carlsby had some sugar-softener in his long gray sweat shirt, moving like a sweet, and had "cocoa" ready as she ate the

**If Gretzky can't make  
it a national sport, it's time  
to melt the ice**

It was like finding Doryzhnikov in an Arthur Murray studio.

**"THINK ABOUT IT** I've always been on teams that played their best hockey in

"That Stanley Cipe in Edmonton," he says, "and when did we see them? In May. You have to feel brotherly here. You feel rested. It has to be an advantage."

Allen Dupont is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

rooms, to eyes in the person with the podium numbers—the gods, the saints, the lords and Reverend Karpis' ransom it took to get him out of Canada.

"Amazing, there was one really great thing I picked up," he says.

"What?"

"I had a chance to make an appearance on *AF*."

"It's my favorite show. I guess somebody sold them that, and they were not enough to interest me to appear."

"*AF*?" says.

Gorsky says, "I had to turn them down. After I was graded here, I made a decision not to do anything like that off the set, at least for a while. It's not why I came here."

Gorsky began to get dressed for practice. He once scored twenty-one goals in one season, a ridiculous number. He once had only seven, an equally ridiculous number. Going into the 1951-52 NHL season, he had won the Hart Memorial Trophy—given to the league's Most Valuable Player—eight seasons in a row. But there is a curious small-town overness to him still.

"I always thought if I ever left Edmonton, I wanted to play for the Detroit Red Wings," he says. "The Red Wings had been my team growing up. After being out west, I figured I might like moving back east."

For the greatest hockey player in history, Detroit was back east.

THE MAN WHO TRADED Wayne Gretzky, Oilers owner Peter Pocklington, is sometimes called Peter Puck for short. Being the owner of Wayne Gretzky and he does what he does best: shoots the Puck.

"I have absolutely no respect for him anymore," Gorsky says without raising his voice. He could still be talking about the wonderer in southern California, or *AF*. "I'm not bitter. It's just a fact."

"I read in the press conference when everything was announced," he says. "And I hear he says that I failed the test. I was the most proud of it I've ever been as a person in my whole life. Over the past ten years, I had played in every professional game and never received a professional appointment. I had done everything he'd ever asked me to do, and we'd won four Stanley Cups. But then to throw all that away with one silly remark didn't make any sense."

Gorsky says he told friends the day he signed his last Oilers contract that within a year either he would be traded or there would be some move for reorganization by the Oilers to try to make the contract long or short, five years.

"Every other contract he ever had with a player was to his advantage," Gorsky says.

"Used more. And even though we were a very closely knit team, the last two captains before me had been traded. When I was named captain, one of my friends said, 'Well, that's a little ironic.' And I said, 'That's the way it is.'"

Gorsky shrugs. "It's funny, isn't it? When an owner makes a business decision, it's just that, a business decision. When a player does the same thing, it's good."

The most reliable information on the matter is that Pocklington knew that he would lose Gorsky in 1992—and get another major deal as a goodwill gesture—where Gorsky would be thirty-one years old. He decided to get the best possible value at the earliest possible moment.

Puck was quoted this way after Gorsky got out of town: "He's a great asset. I thought he pulled it off especially when he showed how open he was. I think he was upset, but he wasn't the big drama."

And this way: "Gorsky has an ego the size of Manhattan. If people had told me he was going to stay in and dry out for two years, I'm sure my ego would be a pretty generous one, too." Pocklington later said that the quote, printed in *The Edmonton Journal*, was taken out of context. It is what sports people often say after tripping over their tongues, you may have noticed. There was another element to the deal, as

occurred at a time when Mike Tyson and Robin Givens were doing their vulgar bawdy dinner in public. A lot of people wanted to compare Gorsky and Tyson, as they were both well-pollared (read, rich, dumb) jokers being well-pollared by rich, dumb jokers. A lot of us made bad jokes comparing Mike Robin and Mike Tyson, during parallel lives.

The names were just, just Jones in a room (The Flamingo Kid, A Chronic Loner). Plus work is in Hollywood. Edmonton is in the heart of Hollywood. But, Hollywood, where the Kings play, is not close to Hollywood. Hey, no problem, if only somebody will just take a moment about a trade.

Gorsky gracefully studies the matter as if it were a body check. He says that he and Peter Jones had lived all of last season in Edmonton, that he was committed to staying there. Gorsky says, and that is a pity, I think that Peter Puck is my answer was going to make the Greatest Player in History just because Mike Givens Player in History wanted to live where there were bright lights and a big city.

There was a morning after Wayne and Jones had arrived in Los Angeles. They were staying in the house of the Canadian actor Alan Thicke, who stays in Gower Park. Gorsky woke up to find his screen wife crying and then

"What's the matter?" he recalls saying.

"People are calling me Yoko Ono," Jones said. "They're saying I'm the one who broke up the Givens."

"I knew no one was going to blame me," Gorsky says so not in the upstairs locker room of the Calver City City Bank. "They were going to attack the Oilers, or they were going to attack me."

THEY'RE ANOTHER thing he knows about L.A.: Wayne Gretzky can handle a little bit here.

It had gotten to the point in Edmonton where Gretzky and his wife had constantly exposed. They had been called Canada's Royal Couple after their gala July wedding. In their corner of the world, they were Charles and Di, Andy and Peggy.

"It always felt somebody was watching," Gorsky says. "In the olden days, it was really ridiculous. When did they have dinner last night? What did they order? I had ten wonderful years in Edmonton, and I loved my teammates. But that part of it, being watched, it wasn't mine at all."

They will begin to move in L.A., even if Gorsky is playing the wrong game in the wrong city. He is that sort of star. He is the best thing about a sport that does not deserve its games or its price.

He is a man surrounded by sharks, doing his harpist-like thing in a league filled

with too many things and too much fighting, run by him, say men who too often allow their sport to look like the World Wrestling Federation (or Cops). I never thought the only hockey player worth watching had come and gone in the incredible person of Bailey Orr. But now there is Gorsky, standing head and shoulders above a sport in no other place.

If hockey is ever to become a major-league sport in the United States—not just one with millions of fans or as fast as several others—it will do so when Gorsky leads the Los Angeles Kings to a Stanley Cup. That he will do as long as he doesn't get lost. The Americanization of Wayne is not so complete that he understands the knowers that own money in news.

"Last night," he says, "I drove to downtown L.A. I knew I was going to go down to the Silverstone Hotel. They said, 'It's right downtown, you can't miss it.' Except I didn't know where downtown L.A. was, exactly. Anyway, I was with a friend, and we ended up really late. We got to the Silverstone more than an hour late. Somebody told me that from now on, all I've got to do is remember where the silver is, and that Silver Diego is worth."

They put should have put a gold in front of the Silverstone. Wayne Gretzky would have found that. **B**

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## Active Health

# The Paunch Line

BY JOHN POPPY

**R**ICHARD TERRY HAS A habit of glowing at a washline and a set of legs and doing a bit of short dramatics. He'll be standing somewhere like a grocery store check-out line when all of a sudden, he's glowing. "Oh, man. This one over there must be a U.S. at least."

Terry is a graduate student in physiology at Stanford. For nearly five years he has been measuring data on the links between fat distribution and health. Not that he has to worry about his own fat deposits; he is tall and lean, a former competitive cyclist who keeps himself in condition. But he is fascinated by a quirk of anatomy that affects a lot of women, other things being equal, is called a fat waist.

She is pear-shaped, he is apple-shaped. When there is excess fat to be stored, women typically store it low, around the hips and thighs. Men store it high, in the abdomen. The apple shape is the more dangerous—whether it appears on a man or a woman. To put it more casually than Richard Terry would, you're better off with fat on your hips than fat on your gut.

Some of the body-mass measurements that apple has earned its name clear in the past line or six years—enough to indicate a ridiculously simple test for your risk of heart disease, stroke, and diabetes.

Measure your waist at the navel (asked to the nearest quarter inch is crime-free). Measure your hips at the greatest circumference of the buttocks. Divide waist by hips. The result is your waist-to-hip ratio, known to a widening circle of acquaintances as WHR.

Say a man's waist is thirty-one inches and his hips thirty-six. That's a ratio of 0.86 to 1. Researchers tell about a 0.85 or so is an acceptable upper limit for men, and 0.75 or so for women. "I



**A quick test to gauge your risk of heart disease—measure your waist**

can't come up with my most precise figure on this yet," Terry said when we got together in his office at the Stanford Center for Research in Human Performance. "It's a new field. We'll need more studies to nail down the numbers."

Even so, there is no doubt about the evidence in the studies that have been done. They started making their mark in medical journals in 1984. Vigning is seen—110 women in Milwaukee, 1,464 women and 791 men in Sweden. At most at Stanford—the studies establish a clear link between your WHR and your risk of heart attack, stroke, hypertension, and diabetes. As a result, WHR is beginning to take its place alongside blood pressure and cholesterol levels as

a gauge of cardiovascular health. And incidentally, since it is one of these rare diagnostic tools that is both anatomically accurate and easy to use in the beach, estimating WHR is public in one way for a researcher who spends his days studying it to remain honest.

Terry's wife, Amanda, jokes that he uses his work as an excuse to look at women. The truth is, his eyes really wander in the sight of anyone with Donny's disease—a fat anatomical name, is any good of boy knows, for what you've got when your belly does laps over your buckle.

When his glance falls on the man in the shorts who looks as if he is fairly naked at the waist and shivers on the hips, Terry thinks about the C&T song he has written and wonders, "Does that guy know how much he's carrying around?" The key

in the word *around*. A woman pushing her chest past the man looks as heavy in the hips as he does in the belly, yet Terry figures his main risk is at various points and, perhaps, endometriosis. The man's chest comes from his stored in a pattern that some accounts call *ghostly forward*, the region of the buttocks and thigh bone, the torso. Like most of the rest of the fat on her body, it is mostly subcutaneous, stored just under the skin.

A man builds his apple shape by storing fat in an abdominal pattern, mostly made his abdominal cavity. If he gets tremendously fat, he does store some just under the skin, but even so, when he pushes up a deep fold over his navel (a

## Active Health

and a quick test for body fat," he'll see that it is nowhere near thick enough to account for his bigness. Neither is the next layer down, the muscle with its big bundles of fiber, dense and pinkish. But all these together can't account for his shape.

Sure, a woman pin on her waist the worst. But automatically the pin is on her hips too, so her torso doesn't change dramatically. And men's torso of fat wears far more unevenly. CAT scans of a man and a woman of comparable fitness show the women with a lot of fat outside her abdominal cavity, between the chest and the muscle wall—the kind that shows on a skin-fold test. The man's major cluster of fat is behind his muscle wall, inside his cavity, nestled around his intestines and other internal organs.

"Look there," Terry said, pointing at a reproduction of a CAT scan. "See that white area in the center of the stomach? That's trouble."

Surgeons have to cut into such an abdomen. To find a gallbladder or anything else, they have to slice their way through debris of mottled yellow adipose tissue—that blocks their view and hinders every move. It wouldn't multiply their problems so much if it were just a floating layer easy to clamp aside. But that is not a way it grows all over things.

For Nissen parts of the peritoneum, the big membrane that lines the abdomen and covers most of the visceral organs. Several large peritoneal folds weave around these organs, linking them to each other and to the walls of the cavity and conveyer of blood vessels, lymph vessels, and nerves to them. Among these folds are the greater omentum, which hangs down like an apron in front of the stomach, and the mesentery, which encircles most of the small intestine. They contain a lot of cells called pericytes. Every one is a squishy one like oil can fill with ketchup and some cholesterol. If one dies, then what was squishy is a keratinous of a fat cell becomes a hardened fat cell—a big lipid droplet, a supermodel of fat.

Once it is given, a fat cell inside the abdomen behaves differently from one anywhere else. The lipid molecules have taken fat cells from different parts of the body, but these it can take, and it can take several fat is more lipophilic active than others. That is, it takes up and puts out more fat molecules than any other type.

For most is in and out of cells by slipping through their walls. A little molecule of fat is not bulky, so it speeds, is squishy enough a cell wall inner. But it doesn't have so. A fat molecule enters a lipophilic dipole of a part of the molecule, and then passes a fatty acid—goes through

alone. When the acid emerges on the other side, a different enzyme looks it into a component like the one it just left, and goes out of the cell whole fat molecule. The lipophilic dipole that the dropping inside goes, fat cells naturally don't do much with it once it is a signal from hormones—specifically, epinephrine (adrenaline) and norepinephrine.

The hormone sensitive lipase in visceral fat, however, seems to hear a different drummer. It clips fatty acids with wild abandon. Even without a stimulus from a hormone, it releases fat from a specialized cell elsewhere. And when a hormone does show up, it gives completely away.

### Visceral fat

**cells dump their fats into blood that is headed straight for your liver.**

"The consequence would seem to be," Terry says, "that a given amount of adipose tissue in your abdomen will dump more free fatty acids into the blood than the same amount of tissue anywhere else."

It would be ludicrous if the biochemistry of visceral fat cells—where many believe—were the whole story. What makes it more worrisome is that because of their location, they dump their fats into blood that is headed straight for your liver.

Cells anywhere else release their fatty acids into veins that drain through the heart and lungs, toward the arteries and the general circulation. Along the way they pass all sorts of other tissues—muscle and so forth—that can pick them up. But blood from digestive organs, fatty acids and fat, drains into the hepatic portal vein and heads first on the first pass.

The liver, of course, is a treasure for metabolism for the body. When you eat food, it picks up high levels of free fatty acids, it runs up its production of very low-density lipoproteins and ships out the VLDL in blood downstream to the heart, lungs, and so on. A portion of the VLDL becomes LDL, the "bad" cholesterol associated with arterial damage and heart disease.

There are just some of the internal organs on your torso up to a tape measure around your waist. An apparently subtle difference in a WHR can mean a lot. The difference between a 0.85 and a 0.90 is not look like much, but if your waist is the same size at your hips, you're playing a high-risk number.

Of the night you were on the outgoing Stanford study, Terry says, only those cases in monitoring even a 0.1 "change" is it probably not the way to prevent the people. For the women he points, he says, "If you're a man above a 0.90, or a woman above a 0.85, and you don't already know your lipid levels, you'd better check them out." Can a cholesterol test.

Especially, Terry points out, if you're a man who looks older than your age. Maybe you're not overweight by the life insurance tables. Maybe the fold of skin you pinch up now you need it is thick, thick or less, suggesting that your total body fat is as present in less. If you don't bother with a lipid test, but still want to know if you have high lipid levels—even more clearly than measures of overall obesity such as percentage of body fat.

One more bit of bad news is that when most people lose fat or like to lose, their WHR doesn't change much.

Now comes the good news. (For men, anyway.) People with a high WHR lose fat more easily than others, thanks to the high lipase activity of visceral fat cells. Exercise is the best therapy for anyone with a high WHR, especially the subcutaneous adipose-looking guy with a belly. Dieting will only give him change arms and legs without reducing the gut much. And as women lose, subcutaneous fat is not dropping quite much of a shift in hip and thigh fat.

A woman's glandular fat cells are less metabolically active. Cells everywhere else in her body will release fatty acids, while her glandular fat cells are not. A French researcher, Marcelle Berthelin-Sorin, has found that there is just one activity that makes these glandular fat cells release fat. "Lipoprotein," they said, is a pump. "It's in the same place these cells is active as a last resort for a hole."

Nature. When all is said and done, it may be that the discovery of the way to lip rate is another message from nature. Do not bother that among the people who are at heart, here is another one that depends on a balance between elements. Blood pressure comes out as a static can proceed with chronic. Cholesterol risks often at least five values to keep in balance, all involving in the ratio of total cholesterol to high-density lipoproteins. Now, WHR.

The fact that a WHR is a value, something compared with something else, seems to be another clue to the location of reducing health. Not at the moment, but that is a formal reason for a special benefit, but at a point of balance.



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Michel Herbolin is an artist. Instead of paint, he works with gold and steel to create watches of exceptional originality and spirit.

His Newport watch is a tribute to nautical style and sea-borne elegance. A gold rope pattern circles the external dial, with a ship's spoked wheel at 12 o'clock. The register-occurs quartz movement is Swiss 3240.



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A vibrant, abstract collage. In the center is a classical building facade with columns. To the left is a circular portrait of a man. The collage is decorated with various geometric shapes, including a large blue 'L' shape, a yellow triangle, and a red circle. There are also orange and yellow rectangular blocks with numbers and symbols. The background is a mix of warm colors like orange, yellow, and red, with some darker areas. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century abstract art or a modern-day collage.

## BY RONALD E. EATZ

Most of the Americans who hold certificates of deposit still choose to do so in order to lock in the known "value of a sum," as the accountants like to say. Certainly CDs weren't created to be flashy, but since the deregulation of late 1980s and early 1990s, the lures of compensation have propelled the instruments into the realm of investment and financial products instead of savings.

The grant enabled the CD sellers' auditors for a time, as first and foremost proposed Kap 1 billion into CDs during the six months after the collapse, but within the year efforts to employ marketing, advertising, and promotion to lure savers into active money-lenders were back in swing.

## Smart Money

positive marketing in their business plans. Back in the good old days, when all there were low interest rates on bonds and S&P's for a while, and the government guaranteed the amount of money a bank could pay depositors for the use of their cash. If interest rates in other sectors of the industry rose, the banks simply made more money on new loans. But suddenly deregulation means that a rise in interest rates was in response to market forces. The cost of funds—competitive CD and money-market rates—would go

**"What's next?" I asked. "Well," he said, "how about an 'Oprah Winfrey' CD?"**

surely rise much more quickly than the bankers could up their less portable yields. Banking became a real business, and new rules, when you read of yet another S&P bump down, you can remember that the bank leadership was shocked (naturally when the case) or that they could never quite figure out how to deal with commercial real-estate underperforming.

Despite all the marketing noise, that upheaval, from a consumer's point of view, is that there really isn't as much differ-

ence between the net value of CDs offered at the same point in time, or the same deposit and for the same duration, as people tend to think. Most of these deposit CDs—"jack the rate!" and "jack the rate!"—are just marketing terminology. A three-month CD is just a parking CD that looks like you got a low rate, but least points in interest, even though you just got the twelve-month rate plus another month. (A bank point is meaningless for bank yields, it's a percentage point, a 100 basis points make a 10 percent.) The advantage to parking your own cash is the opportunity to take a payout into a less interest-loaded tax period or the increased discipline of having cash available on the spot if you need it.

Bankers will try to tell you in different compounding methods, but unless you're dealing with large sums and long time horizons, it doesn't make a whole lot of difference. Besides, if you have to go up on CDs, you should spread out the deposit to hedge interest-rate changes. I have a personal preference to spread parking checks representing what I mean something to me in stamped envelopes, so mailing CD money out of one person's portfolio, but a lot of people will use the Bank Time Member fee number or look in magazines for the best rates in the country. The simplest way of coming down

the smoke without playing with your own spreadsheet is to ask what you get back in dollars at the end. Usually they can't tell it to the other's window, but you can. One thing that is worth shopping for is a higher penalty for withdrawing early. People talk of the risk factor in CDs—ending up with a shaky annuitant, for instance. But the fact is, people holding less than \$100,000 as a CD won't get hurt by maturity, and those with bigger CDs will probably suffer only minor inconvenience. The risk is in the institution's solvency (number of savings—your liquidity becomes a bank's liquidity). (That's why they pay you instead of you paying them, as with a subprime loan.) If you need your money early, some banks will hurt you. The "best-rated" CDs marketed through brokerage houses only appear to get around withdrawal penalties by making a secondary market where you can sell your CD. The withdrawal penalty is actually built into the market price. But there are no real penalties or no-penalty CDs around, and they're worth a look.

Meanwhile, as the marketing and promotion of CDs will, in the very best, continue to intensify. The future will revolve around the four options related to CDs: (1) bank, (2) non-bank, (3) mutual, and (4) private.

I asked the marketers, Kevin Tynan, what was in the pipeline. "Well," Kevin said, "how about an 'Oprah Winfrey' CD, based on the number of people who go on to a game, period of time? And for sports fans, doesn't that of paying an insurance on the number of points scored (football players) based for drugs during a season. How can you lose with something called the 'New York New' CD?"

"We 100 bank bonds offered plain vanilla CDs in plain brown wrappers," Kevin continued. "At Bank of Boston, they're the co-owners industry, you can do a lot better by offering a flavor for every taste."

OK, Saint Bernard's—I'll only could only see to none. **E**

## FINANCIAL HOTLINE



### Funds for the Faint of Heart

If you, as they say, are not ready for the rippling volatility on Wall Street these days, one popular conservative strategy is to invest equal amounts of money in money-market funds and a basket of blue-chip stocks. Since the 1980s, conservatively yielding 8 percent, will double in value in eight years, money-market funds will have paid you even if it is eight years old stock portfolios are being described by parking investments. At A.D. 10-week, money-market will design individually tailored Security Plus plans.

Prime Value and Empire packages the kind of assets and stocks in your funds, looking in the portfolio over the life of the fund. The only real difference between Empire's fund-based Securities Plus and Prime Value's Packages Plus is that Empire offers a choice of either an "aggressive" or a "balanced" portfolio for the stock portion of the investment.

## Introducing The First Disposable Contact Lenses.

# Acuvue.



Ordinary contacts start out clean, but no matter how much you clean them, residue can build up and irritate your eyes. Now breakthrough technology from Johnson & Johnson creates a lens you leave in for about a week, then throw away, before long-term build-up becomes a problem. You see clearly and comfortably. Less after lens.

### ACUVUE® Is The First Contact Lens You Never Have To Clean.

Imagine. A lens you replace instead of cleaning. No more hassles. No more messy solutions. Just a fresh new lens every time.

### ACUVUE Is Healthier For Your Eyes.

Because it is disposable, Acuvue is a healthier way to

wear contact lenses. You throw Acuvue lenses away about every week, then replace them with a fresh, new pair. So there's never any chance of long-term protein build-up. And no irritating cleaning solutions.

### ACUVUE Quality Is Surprisingly Affordable.

After your doctor's fees, you can enjoy the comfort, the convenience, the clear sharp vision—all the advantages of Acuvue—for surprisingly little. And you'll never have to buy cleaning supplies, replacement lenses or lens insurance ever again.

### ACUVUE Is Available Only Through Your Eyecare Professional.

Only your eyecare professional can determine if Acuvue is the

right lens for you. And if it is, you'll be given a personalized wear schedule. And you'll receive a supply of sterile, individually wrapped lenses in the distinctive Acuvue package.

### Send For Free Information About ACUVUE.

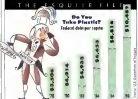
To find out more about Acuvue, free and without obligation, simply fill out and mail the attached postcard, and we'll rush you additional information. Or, for faster service, simply dial toll-free: 1-800-228-9200, Ext. 222.



## ACUVUE: The Vision Of The Future.

Johnson & Johnson

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THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

## Check Yourself Out

BY GLENN BUCHLER

**R**emember when cable television was young and not boomer-size vacuuming headlessly over its interactive capabilities? Soon, they said, you'd be able to watch King Kong and decide yourself, voting via your cable box, whether the plane would go King or whether he'd escape with Fay Wray in Cleveland and open a Big and Tall Man's shop. Those dizzying fantasies have yet to come true, but at least one industry has taken the interactive potential of cable and put a spin on it. The industry is the hotel business, and that spin is called video check-out.

With video check-out, the hotel designs its channel on guest-room TV sets (usually channel 55) as the in-room billing channel. You can turn to a screen during your stay to review the

charges assessed to that point. If the hotel already has your credit card number and signature, you can also use the box-to-check-out. You review the bill on the screen, correcting any discrepancies by phone, and then approve it through the TV and pick up a copy in the lobby on your way out. If you're too busy, the hotel will mail the bill to you.

Video check-out was introduced in 1991 and is fast becoming a standard feature in the larger hotel chains. It sounds like a great idea. Of course, at the moment it is if it opens up exciting new ways of serving up your bill. According to the hotel people, however, as long as they record your credit-card number correctly in the system, the problem of billing mistakes is resolved.

The thing is, most hotels eye you today as that member on the released bill—for your own ac-

count—you have to make doubly sure when you check out that the front desk gets it right. The hotels are also experimenting with other ways of using mass-media advertising. The *Washington Post* now lets you see your phone messages on your television screen, and Magnuson is testing systems that will allow guests to watch airline schedules and order room service through the TV. Holiday Corporation, owner of the Holiday Inn, is working on a system that would turn your TV on to make you or warn you of fire.

Interestingly enough, though consumers seem to go for automated check-out, automated check-in has been a difficult story. Both Hyatt and Holiday Inn have experimented with completely automated check-in at some of their busiest hotels, using lobby kiosks. The public largely spurned them. People who don't mind jockeying over which kiosk to park in the privacy of their rooms seem to be more self-conscious about doing it in a hotel lobby.

The kiosk idea is by no means dead, though. Marmon is talking about lobby kiosks that would operate like ATMs, with the guest inserting a credit card, getting a room assignment (and changing it if he likes), ordering room service and wake-up calls, and then receiving a key directly from the machine—which would also transmit a locksmith's key to the room. Both Marmon and Hyatt are looking into systems that would turn the guest's credit card into his room key, again eliminating the check-in process. Not after their experience with the kiosks, the Hyatt people are making no predictions about consumers' acceptance.

Video check-out hasn't changed the process the revolving billing department—writing to the chain with copies of all documents, your reservation confirmation number, or, worse, or worse—has to appear to have created more of them. And it's obviously a better use of the machine than Godiva's. ☐

### TRAVEL HOTLINE

#### Let Your Fingers Do the Robbing

A new amendment to the New York State General Business Law requires hotel and motel operators who levy telephone surcharges to post the amount of those charges conspicuously in guest rooms. Authors to comply within a day of up to \$250. State senator Eugene Igo, who introduced the amendment in the state senate, said that some New York hotels charge for collect and toll-free calls and add as much as 400 percent to the cost of long-distance calls.

#### Now, Longer Restroom Lines!

McDonald Douglas is leading into the development of a "Gaga Sketch 800-11," 800-line bus longer than the standard 800-11 whereby the plane would hold as many as 200 passengers in an all-emergency configuration or 340 in the standard three classes. Some of the additional passengers would go into a second deck below the main cabin. The new plane, which could be ready as early as 1995, would use three engines for the first time of a two-engine 747. In other words, it would be designed to operate without one kind of that. Does yourself? ☐



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# SLOW ROAD TO GLORY

## The Story of the Lands' End Rugby Shirt

by RED MULCAHY

**W**e had high hopes for our original Rugby Shirt when we introduced it in 1986. After all, it was *bravissimo* cotton. Not a bit frumpy. And darn-good-looking too, with its jaunty stripes. (We called 'em Team Stripes, which we thought had a real ring of authenticity.)

So we mailed out our catalogs, and waited for the response.

### Feedback Number One.

What we got was more like a sustained Bronx cheer. Our customers complained that our rugby shirts stunk too much. Up to 30%. Went as the story in *Lagni*, came out a Melrose.

We were embarrassed. Took the shirts out of our catalog, and even considered whether we should invent rugby shirts in the sporting goods department.

But our laundry sales got the best of us. We went back to the drawing board and developed a polyester 30% cotton

jersey fabric. A beefy fabric, 30/5 or, versus the usual 5 to 9 oz. A fabric that reduced shrinkage to a tolerable 2%.

So far, so good. But we wanted to be sure our improved shirts were the real thing. Especially since about that time, lots of "rugby shirts" were appearing on the market that were really nothing more than colorful sportshirts.

We figured a "field test" was in order. And gave our shirts to the University of Chicago rugby team. (They happened to be close at hand.)

### Feedback Number Two and Three.

The results were disastrous. While our new fabric stood up, almost nothing else did.

A particular problem was the two-pocket placket, which the ruggers consistently tore apart.

Again, we went back to the drawing board, and developed a more rugged cotton/polyester placket—of one piece, with no weak point.

Would this make our shirt tough enough for rugby? We decided to submit our latest shirts to the ultimate test—international rugby—giving them to the USA Eagles, America's national team. The biggest, toughest rugby players in the country. Some of these guys were born with five-fingered claws.

**OUR SHIRTS FAILED AGAIN!** Seems strange, but they popped off. In a 1989 King match, one Eagle came off the field wearing nothing above the waist but a collar.

We went (in, we giggled) back to the

drawing board. But this time, we had the help of the Eagles. We switched to stronger thread. Developed a new button system. Strengthened our shirt at collar placket. And added other indisputable (we thought) features.

The Eagles took our shirts into action in June 1991 against Canada. And we held our breath.

### At long last: "Tough as the game!"

To our relief, things Lands' End Rugby Shirts finally stood up to all the bruising, tugging, grabbing, tackling punishment the Eagles could put them through, as well as the toughest international competition imaginable.

And have continued to stand up, year after year. In 1997, they even survived three tough matches at the Rugby World Cup in Australia.

Now, that makes us pretty proud. Especially considering when these shirts came from.

Just shows what hard work (and a little hardiness) can do.

### A Postscript—



If you'd like to put our "tough as the game" Rugby Shirt (or any of our other clothing and soft luggage) to your own "field test," write or call today for a free Lands' End catalog.

You'll discover more than a great shirt—you'll discover a new (and easy) way of shopping at which Quality, Value and Service are absolutely, positively GUARANTEED PERIOD.



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## Smart Money

### INSURANCE

# The Covered City

**W**hen it comes to Medicare, people are always worried about gaps, the ones you fall through on the way to being able to pay thousands of dollars of medical expenses. Medicare's less-than-coverage savings give rise to the nation's supplemental Medicare policies sold by private insurers and, finally, to a bevy of benefits under the new Medicare Catastrophic Protection Act. For most of us under the age of sixty-five, neither health insurance through an employer's group plan, or we tend to accept cost level coverage as a corporate perk succeeds. Unless, that is, we live in Montgomery County, Maryland.

Because of Montgomery County's proximity to Washington, D.C., it's home to a lot of government-related, including retired Social Security executives named William Hinton. For years Hinton had watched Congress struggle and fail to deal

with the issue of universal catastrophic health coverage, so as a Montgomery County councilman, he drafted legislation that empowered the county executive to find a private insurer who would provide, at no expense to the county, \$1 million worth of catastrophic health insurance to every person who lived or worked in the county who so desired it. One premium price for all, regardless of risk.

This past October, after three years of negotiations, Blue Cross-Blue Shield of the Nation of Capital Area secured the county's new insurance. For an annual premium of \$14.14 per person or \$33.30 per family, the plan covers for a year all needed expenses over \$15,000 not already covered by another policy. For the first year, the county will offset medical expenses covered, up to a half-million-dollar limit. At this point, the councilman covers smaller business doctors,

also, allowing him to draw on the remaining half million of coverage over the next thirty-six months for over a longer time as long as the \$15,000 limit case of below every thirty-six month benefit period.

In the weeks following the announcement of the plan, Blue Cross was holding 670 telephone inquiries a day, from which we can deduce that an act of civic cooperation need not be insupportable. The insurer has even expanded the plan's target area beyond Montgomery County to include the rest of the D.C. metropolitan area.

At this point it's hard to tell whether there is a wide-scale need for such a program or whether Blue Cross has fortuitously happened to the mercy of the affluent who may accept the difference proposition that you can't have too much insurance. If, for instance, you work for a large corporation with a good health plan, you probably will be liable for 10 percent of catastrophic expenses up to a specified benefit limit. But most of these policies exclude annual per-person expense caps of \$1,000 or \$1,500, a figure of millions today that need not witness toppling a second policy that could only be used in the most extreme situations.

However, if you work for a smaller company with more sparsely smaller benefits, or if you have an individual health policy—especially more expensive and less generous—there may indeed be painful gaps worth plugging. In which case, you could move to D.C. or at least take advantage of the fact that some twenty-seven states have proposed some variation to the Montgomery County plan.

To be sure, the plan doesn't touch the big problem—costs as a resistance for the uninsured—but the fostered collaboration between local government and the insurance industry may furnish welcome ammunition for its next battle—perhaps by being insurance for those who already have some.

### FINANCIAL HOTLINE



#### Phone Home, Directly

Phone home has showed us to be a little less expensive now. Get AET has a solution with its CASH-out service, which now links the U.S. with fifty other countries. By dialing their country's 800 direct code, you are put through to a U.S. operator, in most cases something very local, killing space. Call 800-321-1000 for information.

#### Ain't Nothin' but a Charge Card

Here then, is plastic. The Gap has come back as a MasterCard, an affinity card issued by Capital Federal Savings and Loans of Memphis (366-363-7171). The card features a little photo of Brady playing the guitar. Half of the \$26 annual fee goes to the Elvis Presley Memorial Foundation, or does a small percentage of the credit income, so every time you charge something, this (Johnny) he is! gets his fix.



#### The majesty of the snowy owl—stunning realism in classic porcelain sculpture

Chasing where the frozen makes a magnificent host of dancing where snow is a dropping of rock. With powerful wing strokes, he bows his flight—alone ready to grasp the ground below.

Lenox, renowned for achieving exceptional realism in fine bird sculpture, has now captured the drama of this moment in a new and original work of art.

Sculptured with lifelike detail, Snowy Owl is crafted in fine porcelain. The hundreds of feathers, the spread of wings—the wings filled by the wind—are perfectly defined. And the owl's every marking, the dark talons, the haunting golden eyes, and the colors of the rugged underparts are masterfully painted by hand.

An impressive work to display in your home or office, this fine porcelain sculpture is a Lenox® exclusive. So be sure to order your owl by February 28th. On credit cards call TOLL FREE, 24 hours a day 7 days a week, 1-800-577-3403 ext. 301.

#### SNOWY OWL Please mark by February 18, 1989

Please accept my order for Snowy Owl. I understand no money down and prefer to pay in full.

- ☐ DIRECT I will be billed by 7 monthly installments of \$17 each, with the final installment due in advance of shipment.  
☐ BY CREDIT CARD After shipment please charge the full amount of \$129 to my credit card.  
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### PERCENTAGE OF *Camponotus*

over an optical reader, like supermarket check-out checks. In fact, books are now mechanical, digitalized, and sold, without spines, very much like soap. Literary works yield space to blockbusters, and whole categories of books are abandoned of printing cards and audiocassettes without profit. Classic novels also discount their books. The world appears to be the one good thing they do—shouldn't bestsellers help promote reading?—but in fact it puts more pressure on the independent bookstores, who rely on retail prices to support the extra service they provide.

The result is a three-tier world of writers: best-selling authors like Jackie Collins, Danielle Steel, Stephen King, and Tom Clancy are at the very top. The second tier holds those authors who have been published but have not written a blockbuster, like Robert Scafe and T. C. Boyle. The third is composed of young, up-and-coming writers. It is the middle range writers who have the problems. The 100 leading independent bookstores may carry three books, but their store clerks will not compare them even if they are carried. Ironically, young writers have less trouble because small magazines and alternative publishers ensure a readership for their first works.

The life of the middle-range writer is miserable. He may have a book contract, deliver a book, and then have the printer de-clined because it is "not an acceptable manuscript." He may be influenced by, as subject to, an editor who is supposed to bring out the author's best work, but who, being human, may even be interested in how content in the printer. The editor may or may not speak up in a later meeting—perhaps he needs to get most of his political chips on another book—and the book's salespeople may get discouraged by the lack of a mailing permit to the lack of advertisement from magazine buyers.

But despite the perspective of the author being very much determined by the more visible authors, and that perspective is apparently shared by many government officials. The state of New Jersey once attempted to reduce authors' royalties to one or "reasonable" amount. When the Authors Guild, a not-for-profit professional organization, took the state to court, the state attorney general ruled in its favor.

Holiday toward authors, whether personal or not, also extends into tax rules by the IRS. I know businessmen who take corporate jets to beaches, golf courses, and their children's prep schools without a word of trouble from the tax authorities. I know businessmen who have done leveraged buyouts lifting hundreds of millions of dollars from the pockets of shareholders, without a murmur from anyone. I know of

no group more maligned than authors. The crucial members of the Authors Guild have all had one thing in common: they are the author's "house officer" who flags the IRS agent, or maybe cottage guests like writing are easier for young agents to understand than complex financial maneuvers.

I once had a challenge to my home office. The IRS agent carefully searched the floor plan of the house and calculated the number of square feet in my office. Was there a couch? No, only a desk, a chair, filing cabinets, bookshelves, a table. Was there a TV? No. The IRS man said he would allow \$53 a week. "What a nuisance," said my account-

**An IRS agent measured the bathroom. He allowed the toilet and the sink, but not the bathtub.**

ant. "Where is he going to put it?" The IRS man took his ruler and carefully measured the square footage of the entire bath room. He calculated the square footage of a toilet. He allowed the toilet and the sink, but not the bathtub.

"There," said the agent. "The son of a bitch can write all he wants and he can put, but he just he can't lie down and he can't relax in a shower."

Last year the Authors Guild went to Congress to lobby against a provision in the tax code that required authors to capitalize their expenses. Under the provision, research expenses, travel expenses, typewriter paper, pens, pencils, and other supplies couldn't be deducted until the author had income against them. There due income was matched against the life of the book, as if it were a piece of machinery. The members, myself among them, told Congress that the median income as a writer is lower than writing as a writer. The provision, most of whom must rely on other jobs to make ends meet, are lucky to have their books stay on the shelves six months, much less reach a twenty-year life span of a Boeing airplane. Short sentences and con-junctives were sympathetic, but most were sufficient—perhaps there wasn't many authors writing in their dreams.

For three years, many of the rank-and-file authors have been more. They considered literature to be a national treasure. Congress, they thought, would quickly fix what was wrong in 1980 and it was that that mor-

nant was frustrated. There are cultures in which bookends are named after authors and new authors are named after writers, but this is not one of them.

Since the Fifties, when eight out of ten writers were exposed to the New York publishing world, it has grown shabbier, while the world of business has prospered to a degree hardly imaginable several decades ago. There was left a lot more for new writers to prosper in. On Wall Street, consulting out numbers on their Main Street enclaves. We never thought that, a generation later, some of those number crunchers would make \$200 million, without creating anything as particular. In the service economy world, what Tom Clancy makes is not far.

Authors may lament the changes, but that's the way the world goes. Authors ply their craft in black and white, while the rest of the world has gotten used to color and split screen and instant replay and full sound and the cinematic double images of MTV. Eighty years ago John Galsworthy and H. C. Wells lived like movie stars. Now movie stars live like movie stars, and so do Ron Jone and the Grateful Dead and the producers of *All in the Family* and *The Cosby Show* and *Family Ties*.

The author's life has never been easy. Joseph Conrad wrote his agent asking for money, promising that his latest masterpiece was a link, one that would seal. But Conrad lived in an era when words no paper were the chief form of entertainment and emotional release for society. Debauchately brought London to a halt with the revealed details of Lord Duns. Robert Browning had people hang up on the streets when he was paid. *The King and the Dutch*, was published.

But those days are gone, and with them some of the romance of an author. Looking at the field from the business point of view—apart from financial returns—you would have to advise the graduating senior to try something less risky or to take a real long shot in rock music.

There discounts, of course, the satisfaction of the craft, the resonance that comes from the turn and rhythm of language, the characters that come to life out of some recess of the unconscious, the ideas that can be suggested without a full production crew and computer technology. There is the linking of tapping back from a finished work like a sculptor from a statue. And finally, there is that romance—each author, one makes—an intimacy that would keep the craft alive a while longer. ■



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**Len Cariou**  
SINGER

Some critics, it seems, find his dramatic phrasing "over-the-top." Some generations are only a few feet from those who find his the theater with electricity, a subliminal combination with experience. Len Cariou has this extraordinary gift, and a range that extends from the quiet passion of *Hamlet* in 4 *U.S.* to *Shogun* in the dark, uncharted waters of *Vermeer* (which he wrote and produced). "Basically, all this is a vocal journey," says an *Onassis* show-biz guy. "I know a strong back, and I can sing some songs." Which, with great passion,

**Emmanuel  
Azenberg**  
PRODUCER

he produced a hit event, *Man on the Moon*, and all you, with my record MVP, all the *Breaks* to show it up at night. This from a man who's been producing *Seinfeld*, *Sex and the City*, *Scrubs*, and *Project Runway* for more than a decade. In addition to producing Neil Simon's *Lost in Translation*, he is now producing a film version of Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. "The theater today is under an oxygen tent. TV and film have decimated the writing stock. But I have great hope for the new generation, they're conceptual, and they are directed economically. Ultimately, the theater will survive, writing is not well served by television."

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*Lynda G. Gorman*





## What it's like to be a golf widow at Grand Cypress Resort.

Most people view the golf widow as a lamentable sort, destined to a lonely existence on life's periphery. And while this is quite true for those marooned in less hospitable hotels, it's certainly not true for those fortunate enough to stay at the Hyatt Regency Grand Cypress®.

Here the golf widow is pampered and treated with considerable respect. After all, the golf widow just might be our

most important guest, for who better can appreciate our luxurious accommodations, beautiful pools and dazzling presentation of shops and restaurants?

And despite 45 holes of spectacular Jack Nicklaus golf, we agree there's more to life than shooting par.

Which is why we're inclined to think that golf widows here are playing, and for that matter, winning, an even more interesting game.

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# SAVE THE WHALES SCREW THE SHRIMP

Just what are you doing to my good Nature?

By Joy Williams

FROM I WANT TO TALK about me, of course, but it seems as though for too much attention has been lavished on you lately—that your good and vanities and quests for self-fulfillment have been exposed as far too much. You just want and want and want. You haven't had a moment's dream since the '60s began. To have a moment's dream you'd have to inventively know there was an attempt at self-betrayal on the part of Nature, and you don't believe in Nature anymore. It's too isolated from you.

You're abstracted in it. It's so messy and damaged and sad. Your eyes glaze as you travel life's highway past all the crushed animals and the big Gulp cups. You don't even take pleasure in looking at nature photographs these days. Oh, they can be just as pretty, as always, but don't they make you feel increasingly . . . anxious? Filled with more trepidation than peace? So what's the point? You see the picture of the baby cougar as the panda munching on a bamboo shoot, and your heart goes aaaa,

doesn't it? A picture of a poor old sea turtle with barnacles on her back, all ancient and exhausted, depositing her five gallons of doorned eggs in the sand hardly fills you with joy, because you realize, quite rightly, that you inside the frame take the shadow of the wonder. What's cropped from the shot of a sea turtle crawling on a pristine shore is the plastic plate, and just beyond the shore lies a parking lot. Hidden from immediate view is the horribly bright metal aw, in the dusky ditch, in the oak and





The Florida herons, which now migrate out from by cutting them down, might be called upon to evolve in their thinking and allow these trees to grow. They would probably be painted trees after a time. Fast growing, uniform, presumably created with some new machines. They would be nine-to-five trees, because the problem with planting the old-fashioned variety is cost, but the greenhouse effect, which is caused by pollution, is that they're already dying from it. All along the coast of the Appalachians from Maine to Georgia, forests struggle to survive in a toxic soup of poisons. They can't help as if we've killed them, now can they?

ALL RIGHT, you say, wow, lightest up will you? Ralke. Tell about yourself.

Well, I say, I live in Florida. Oh my God, you say. Florida? Florida is a joke! How do you expect us to take you seriously if you call this state? Florida is crazy, it's a weak country. It's junked, it's over. And a hole girl just got eaten by an alligator down there. It came out of some swamp near a subdivision and just castrated her off. That's our five-fingered species. At least fifty years, you can bet.

Is...  
 Yeah, we don't want to hear any more about Florida. We don't want to hear

about Phoenix or Hilton Head or California's Central Valley. If our wetlands—our remaining wetlands—are mentioned one more time, we'll scream. And the talk about condors and grizzlies and wolves is becoming too de trop. We had you man aged to get whales out of our minds when river there showed up under the ice in Alaska. They even had names. Bane is the dead one, right? It's almost the twenty-first century? Those last condors are pathetic. Can't we just get that one with?

Anatole said that all living beings are equal and striving to participate in society.

Oh, I just let her say that, you say. That doesn't sound like Anatole. He was a humanist. We're all humanists here. This is the age of humanism. And it has been for a long time.

YOU ARE TALKING with a stranger in the car, and the stranger behind her wheel. In the backseat are your pals for many years—now—GO WHAT YOU WANT and her swelling stomach, when not. A dog on some emblematic animal, something from that mythical natural world you've come from that you now treat with such indifference and some—steps from the flaming woods and repeatedly upon the highway. The stranger does not defend or break, not

yet, maybe not at all. The feeling is that whatever it is and get out of the way. Oh, it's a free car you've got, a free machine, and coffee you don't mind the stranger driving it, because in a way, everything has gotten so complicated, why, why can you control. You're given the wheel on the machine, the manager, the computer. Something is wrong, maybe, you feel a little sick, actually, but the car is beautiful and fast and you're moving, which is the most important thing by far.

WHY MAKE A FISH when you're so comfortable? Don't make a fish, make a baby. Go on, hold your something in your hand, something. Make another baby, babies are cute. Babies show you have faith in the future. Although faith is perhaps too strong a word. They're everywhere these days, in all the crowds and traffic jams, there are the babies too. You don't seem to associate them with the problems of population increase. They're just babies. And you're never so believe in them again. They're also more tangible than the shelter, which, of course, you haven't believed in in ages. At least not for yourself. The shelter now belongs to plastics and poison. Yes, plastics and poison will have a far more poisonous effect on you, that's known. A disposable diaper, for example, which is all glass

and wood pulp—you like them for all these babies, on only to use and toss—will take several thousand years to degrade. Almost all plastics do, certainly and certainly. In the sea, many marine animals die from ingesting or being entangled in discarded plastic. In the dumps, plastic squats on more than 15 percent of dump space. For your heart is disposed to ward plastic, however, no doubt the plastics industry, told you it was convenient. This same industry is now looking into recycling as an attempt to get the critics of their nefarious, unbalanced products off their backs. That should make you feel better, because something has become so honorable word, no longer merely the lobby of Volvo owners. The fact is that people in plastics are bona obnoxious. Recycling (technically impossible) won't solve the plastic glut, only reduction of production will, and the plastics industry isn't looking one bit, you can bet. Waste is not just the wall you throw away, of course, it's the wall you use to escape. With the exception of hazardous waste, which you do worry about from time to time, it's even thought you have a declining sense of emergency about the problem. Builders are building bigger houses because you want bigger. You're making up. Utility companies are beginning to worry about your constantly rising con-

sumption. Utility companies? You haven't owned a new car at all but one of upside nihilism, delirious nihilism.

IN THE SUMMER, particularly in the industrial Midwest, you did get a little scared. The fish eat one year, last year. Great stuff floating around. Sludge and bloody violence. Hysterical doctors—appearing not quite to be aware of context—all coming in on the tile. The air smelled funny, too. You tolerate a great deal, but the summer of '88 was truly creepy. It was even thought for a moment that the environment would become a political issue. But it didn't. You didn't want it to be, preferring instead to continue in your golden of rebuilding and advancing America. The issues were the same as always—jobs, defense, the economy, maintaining and improving the standard of living in this greedy, selfish, expansionist, industrialized society.

You're growing a little different, you say. You're pretty well old. You expect to be better off soon. You do. What does this mean? More software, more cramps, more square footage? You have created an ecological crisis. The earth is infinitely valuable and slow, and you are killing it. It seems rather that way. But you are not old. You want to feel like a child and happiness in a land increasingly damaged and betrayed,

and you never will. More than material matters. You must change your ways. What is that? Strains in the Month of an Angry God?

The ecological crisis cannot be resolved by politics. It cannot be solved by science or technology. It is a crisis caused by culture and character, and a deep change in personal consciousness is needed. Your fundamental attitudes toward the earth have become twisted. You have made only brutal contact with Nature, you cannot comprehend its grace. You must change. Here the desert and simple pleasures. Home no longer like. Control yourself, become more authentic. Live lightly upon the earth and treat it with respect. Reclaim the word progress and demand the managers and rulers. Grow steadily and with knowledge because truly smart. Make connections. Think differently, behave differently. For this is essentially a moral issue, not just a moral decision must be made.

A moral aspect? Okay, this discussion is now more. A moral issue. And who's that are now? Who are you in what I'd like to know. You're not me, anyway. I admit, someone's to blame and something should be done. But I've got to go. It's getting late. That's that, you say. You are not old. It certainly doesn't look like any damn I've ever seen. Well, take care. ☐

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BIOFILE

# Sly's Progress

By Elizabeth Kaye

"I USED TO WAKE UP SINGING," HE SAYS. He doesn't anymore. But he never regrets that the night is over. His sleep is fitful, restless, unsatisfying. In the last fifteen years, he has slept undisturbed no more than three nights. He hates to sleep. It's a waste of time.

He collects art, he plays polo, he feels pain. He's not your everyday movie star.

For Sylvester Stallone, time was always a troubling preoccupation. Now, forty-two years into a life that sometimes strikes him as more interesting than his films, time is becoming an obsession. "If you live to be seventy-two," he often says, "you don't get a million hours." He owns more than thirty watches. His hobby is painting, and lately, clocks appear in all of his canvases. He resents being subject to the clock, yet he checks the time constantly. "When you start to see the macrocosm of age," he says, "you can hear every second. Clicking. It becomes like a metronome."

Usually he is up by six, sometimes by five, always by seven. "You're rich, you're famous," his agent tells him, "take a month off, go on a vacation." He doesn't do it. He can't. "I feel as though I haven't accomplished anything. I don't feel satisfied at all. My mind is constantly questioning: What next? Where next? Why now?"



If he remains silent, his conviction may falter when he'll go downstate, his face impulsive, his gaunt face coming into a legend's profile, looking for release, an excuse to explode. At such times, they're easy to find. Later, in undermood, it surrounds him that a man who has weathered two deaths, "believed in something other than his wallet. They believed in the dollar sign."

His own personal worth is said to exceed two million dollars. The only money that seemed to him is what he takes in his pockets. His concentration periodically will have to spend \$1 million on a prison.



Some people want to save him; burn again Christians send him books, tapes, quotes from the Bible. Others want him to save them.



**THE MORE FAMOUS** he becomes, the more he identifies with Jesus Christ. Sometimes he calls him "the boy in the green bubble." While ill in mind, he seemed his worldwide trip to promote *Rambo III* ("Admiral! Love's Chuck!" "Burning Love Tour!" On the road, his movements played in being the Memphis Mafia. In Japan, he looked an emperor by taking his son's first name. In Los Angeles, he secretly begins doing Jesus jewelry, who lived with Jesus for most of the last five years he was alive. Now Sullivan is the only man who he has. He doesn't want to make the same mistake. He's certain that the greatest of those who believed too much in other people. "And those people," he

Rocky. When he was thirteen, his father told him something he later used in a line in *Rocky*: "You weren't born with much of a brain, so you better start using your body." He began to develop his body. Later, he developed his mind. In college he painted, wrote poetry. He bought a dictionary, taught himself a new word each day, pronounced it. He tried to appear his speech enlightened by reading aloud from Shakespeare and Walt Whitman into a reel-to-reel tape recorder. And he kept working out with karate.

He wanted to be like Steve Reeves. But he wanted to be a fine actor. Today, some of his roles could be played by Schwarzenegger, but others could be played by Pennino. Some of his films could be directed by John Carpenter, but others by Frank Capra. Two of his favorite movies are *White's*

*New Testament* and *The Lion in Winter*.

He's like two people. One is impulsive and easy to see. The other expresses himself in poetic phrases and is a person whose character is like. This person needs to be overlooked. Even he considers him at times.

It's 1984 again, a month after the opening of *Rambo III*. Sullivan is coming a new project. It's called *Jesus Christ*. He's excited about it. His friends are not.

"You've done this before," says director John Huston, the person chosen to hire "You play the same man over and over, and the record starts to slip."

"What is this with the game?" asks producer Gene Kirkwood. "Stop that already." Twelve years ago Kirkwood was the executive producer of *Rocky*. Early, he's produced *The Pope of Greenwich Village* and *Insomniac*. "Aren't you tired of making films," Sullivan likes to ask him, "then everybody talks about me nobody gets it." Now he asks Kirkwood, "What are you gonna give me? A film. Five people will see and the critics will hate me! But that they won't hate me anyway."

Born late, he's getting weary of the game himself. He's been writing screen like the one in Cuba when he claims he passed during a TV commercial for Tostitos. He's been describing his movies as "the same old bag, slap, jump." As for *Rambo*, he's tired of playing a character who never says anything. "Isn't you think," he says to Kirkwood, "that it's frustrating for me?"

Yet it also frustrates him that action films are regarded as "the softest man's vehicle." People don't understand, he'll say, that the locomotive they require doesn't happen accidentally. To him they're an art. But now, as profits from his action pictures are spent on gourmet by Francis Bacon and Monet, he understands that the art for which he's most apt to be admired is the art he buys.

He's committed to art in five more action pictures in the next six years. He'll also do a film *Rocky*, a fourth *Rambo*, a second *Cobra*. He's up to his neck in action movies. This life would be easier if he didn't want "San't haven't been able to say, okay, I'll move. Except that I've become accustomed in a certain formula, that I've fallen into a groove that has produced me a level of myth, a semi-sacred character, and just now, that's the way you, the die has been cast, that's your mind, go where, then out your movies, take the money and run. Don't give a damn. There would be very relaxing. But I can't."

All through June, the pressures in his art building.

"Quinn! I'm functioning," he tells a friend, "but inside I'm exploding."



**Elizabeth Kaye** is a contributing editor of *Playboy*. Her last piece, a profile of Tame Jansen, appeared in November 1983.

"I wish I could just pack it in," he tells himself. "Get into developing middle-aged beauty."

**HE BEGINS TO WRITE** *Encounter*. He's no longer happy about it, but he's doing it: It's the last film for his own production company. He's already postponed the delivery date.

He wants to be known as a capable filmmaker. *Roméo IV* was one of the most conservative movies ever made. It cost almost \$10 million. He hired the director and most of the crew after shooting started. He doesn't need trouble now.

By August he's written half the movie. Production people are excited to work. The casting director is interviewing actors. The next date is three months away. He wants to proceed in a workmanlike manner. He doesn't want to make an action movie.

When he makes other kinds of movies, they bomb. Action movies are safe. So are Rocky movies. But he's acting up, thinking he's played it too safe. "I have to do something," he's telling his friends. "Get me out of here."

If he's going to take a risk, it may as well be now. Thanks to his recent marriage and divorce, he's penniless. "I couldn't be more exposed to ridicule," he says. "Now I've already been."

**WHEN HE FIRST SAW** Engine Nielsen in the spring of 1981, the told him that her lifelong ambition was to meet him. "With that ambition behind me, she went on to other ones. In speaking of her, he'll often characterize "the temptress and the actress who goes on being about it." He'll also say, "Some are more susceptible than others."

The marriage began with him telling a reporter, "Anyone who doesn't like Gene is crazy." It ended after 347 days, with him watching Goulding and identifying with her and her genes.

They were not married long when the reason began she was involved with Eddie

Murphy, with director Tony Scott, with her female gym instructor. Whenever he went, he would encounter. He told it in side-long looks, in the fact that no one ever said a word to him about his marriage. And he accused other things. "People took glom in it," he says, "rooted in the fact that I had been getting everything in my way for so long that this...this emotional desperation was well worth the wait."

The humiliation continued for weeks. It seemed longer in those weeks, he became more of a nervous, fire-guarded about himself. He became well known in moments he hadn't known existed. "I took a little fucking jog through Dennis's job," he says, "came out the other end."

And now he wishes he could play a character who suffers in ways that are not merely physical. "The story," he says, "is that emotional pain is what I've always understood best. And had the most experience in."

**HE WILL** always love, always an outsider. People always laughed at him. Back in Hall's kitchen, when an actor were his playthings, they laughed at his name, his slurred speech, his lopsided mouth. He changed his name to Mike. He invented names to strengthen his face. He doesn't mind if people he was happy to smile all the time. He thought these names would make other kids like him. They didn't.

His mother left home when he was ten. He was periodically beaten by his father. He soon gave up on people altogether. His horses were the superhuman creatures in comic books. His dream was to run away as a ranch in Nevada and work with cattle or horses. Instead, when he was fifteen, he ran away from his father and went to Philadelphia to live with his mother.

He was a poor student, easily discouraged, easily distracted, told he was stupid as often as he was told to do it at his house. He got into the University of Miami. It was there that his scattered, innocent escapes

were translated into writing and into acting.

When he was twenty-two he went on to New York. He was scared and hopefully he loved by his mother. When in doubt, about. And he was charmed by his mother's prediction that he would struggle for the next seven years. She also told him that his chance would come. She said it would come through writing. He wrote *Rocky* when he was twenty-nine.

He was familiar with disappointment by then, a self-described failure. He was offered \$150,000 for his script. He had it all to his name but turned the money down. He would tell Rocky, he learned, only if he was hired to star in it. On the first day of shooting, alone in his trailer, he looked at himself in the mirror. "You've been asking a great game," he said aloud, "now either prove it, or you're dead."

Soon he was leading in the winter cake-off, rap to rock festivals that Hollywood movies have always explored. The Hollywood community never forgave him for it. "Yes, people said, it was a fucking success, but look! I feel like I've been too arrogant!" "I just Christ came to this town," says Gene Korman, "people would say, great guy, terrible copes."

**HE WANTED** respect, he got contempt. When Rocky won the Oscar for best picture of 1976, he was named as if he were Rocky, rather than his creator, while the picture accumulated an unprecedented monetary return of \$100-1, the Stallone movie in demand for the private screening rooms of Bill and Beverly Hills was the only work from him he'd made when it was the only work he could get.

Today he is the highest-paid actor in his time, and still an object of contempt. He collects art, but other collectors rate special pleasure in outbidding him. He plays polo tournaments, after Prince Charles, the person the polo crowd would most like to see fail. And he is, at the handful of people he permits to know him well, the most secure, devoted man in Hollywood. "Being misunderstood," he says, "really does preoccupy loneliness." And he has remained an outsider.

Rocky and Rambo made him the hero of accidents, of ghetto kids, of factory workers, of disillusioned soldiers. His seven films have done far better in Europe and Asia than they've done at home. Cohen and Rambo III made slightly less than \$10 million each in the United States. In worldwide distribution they'll earn \$175 million and \$100 million respectively. Now he has the last scenes of being an American told here in places where English is not spoken.

When he was touring locations in Thailand, entire villages came out to greet him.



If he's going  
to take a risk, it may  
as well be now.  
"I couldn't be more  
exposed to  
ridicule," he says, "than  
I've already been."

◆◆◆



accompany children, grown tears, people whose faces had been carved by lightning approached him at the rear window. In Missouri he was chased by passengers who saw his movies projected onto a sheet suspended between two poles. These are the powerful people who see in Rocky's fights and Randolph's violence

BEFORE ROCKY, Stallone used to say that he just wanted a chance. He wrote Rocky truly believing that it didn't matter if Rocky won the fight; it mattered only that he "go the distance." "His victory," he told himself then, "has to be personal!"

Since making  
Rocky, he's often thought,  
"Maybe I pushed  
the first time out."  
He's made  
thirteen other movies  
since then, but  
he's never made a  
movie with  
Rocky's acting  
tenderness.  
Occasionally he must  
feel like the  
world's most successful  
has-been.

— G. G. —

ROCKY WAS his own story, told in a boxing idiom. And it appealed to anyone who had ever hoped, as he had, that their might be more to them than the world perceived. That is, it appealed to nearly everybody. "When they're cheering for Rocky," Stallone once said of the audience, "they're cheering for themselves."

Yet Rocky himself was misleading. He was not a loser, much, he didn't want to be "another bum from the neighborhood," he was a faster-looking guy. He loved a shy young woman who wore glasses and worked in a pet store. He glared at a cage filled with chickens and told her, "They look like living candy."

Since making Rocky, he's often thought, "Maybe I pushed the first time out." He's made thirteen other movies. "At least," he says of those films, "I sang the ball a few times." But he's never made another movie that captured the sophisticated audience he would most of all. And he's never made another movie with Rocky's acting confidence. Occasionally he must feel like the world's most successful has-been.

His partner tells him he has nothing to prove. He wishes he believed that.

It's also vulgar. In the story, it's the Cuban he's called Gungwe. "I like that name," Stallone tells friends. "It translates the hard-core people."

For the last two years, he's been reworking the script, written by Paul Armstrong, a former film critic at The Washington Post. Stallone's own character is no underdog who remains a member in self-defense, gone to jail, ultimately becomes the head of a Mafia family. He's trying to keep him human, sympathetic. It's harder than he expected.

Each night, before he tries to sleep, he's been doing a writing problem in his mind, telling himself, "There must be up with an answer to this thought." Each morning he's awakened asking, "Why doesn't this go away?"

Like anyone, he wants to assert control

over his life. More than most people, he can. But lately it's seemed that he's spent more time reexamining why he can't write than he's spent writing. He's frustrated, worried, and now, in Franklin's office, he's pacing and saying that even if the writing starts to go well, he doesn't want to come out the door.

"You're making a mistake, Sly," says Franklin.

"No, no, because, you know, some people just don't like you and never will like you. Why give them more ammunition? I'd rather let them go out and have fun."

"Bigger," says Franklin.

"Bigger. Less things you can throw money at."

"But I'm telling you, Sly, whatever Paul Armstrong wrote, it isn't this script. I don't think you should have let it go."

"I'm not trying to hide. For what is the purpose? ... I mean, I'm not looking to be published in, I am a writer. I did what I had to do with writing, and now I'm coming to books" inside it because you are to yourself. I can do it, I can do it, then you look at that page and that page is saying: you can't gonna crack this. Man, I hate that. Oh, I'm telling you, it amazes me, it amazes you. You should have seen. You should have seen. Nothing can do this. You can't write it in quickly is wrong."

Stallone stops pacing, Franklin goes, then says, "I guarantee you Paul Armstrong's going to fail."

Stallone laughs. His laugh is deep as a growl. "Well, maybe he's on a huncher's roll, man," he says.

HE CRAVES EXCITEMENT, he figures out. Whether he has pressing work or not, he's in his office by noon. He doesn't understand how other actors take an extended hiatus. "What do they do with themselves all day?" he wonders. "I mean, it's not as if they're converting from home."

His production company is housed in a one-story old brick building, large as a city block. Inside, there's a gallery that includes a Francis Bacon picture, a red screen of Stallone by Andy Warhol, two Rocky sculptures. His study spends more time in the gallery than his kitchen or his chair.

His private office is vast, sparsely furnished with a few chairs covered in the finest black leather, a massive console and glass desk. Any place Stallone designs and gets into is comfortable and roomy—like his office.

Now he's pacing around the desk while he talks on a speakerphone. He doesn't sit down if he can avoid it. Confirmed to a chair, he doodles, writes a page dip in his fingers, taps his palms on his thighs

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He's wearing John Herdfield as wach a movie with him through. His streets was several nights a week. Usually, he'll watch part of a film, then become bored, restless. Usually he and Herdfield disagree about movies.

"What are you going to show?" asks Herdfield.

"Don't even start, man," says Stallone. "You're even freer than I am."

"Why don't you see a class?"

"You sound like a film student. You're looking backward. I'm a forward-thinking guy."

"See a foreign film," says Herdfield. "Search the margins of your mind."

"Thanks for offering my cinema. You want to come over and burn my house down? For me, my dog?"

"I may just come over."

"I don't know if I'll be home," Stallone tells him. "Maybe I'll sell the fucking streets looking for an art house."

"Well, get a movie you'll make it through."

"I made it through *Alamo*," says Stallone. "I can make it through anything."

DOWN THE HALL from Stallone's office, in the conference room, there's a round oval table. It used to be the dining table in his home. During his first marriage it was the focus of a nightly routine he used to appreciate and never could. An early warning of trouble in his second marriage was that he and Brigitte Nielsen weren't improving at this table as long as they once had. Family life now appeals to him steadily in the shower. He's convinced a would-be scate him and vows his marriage days are over. Now he uses the office as his office to his family.

Like most young men, he likes people he can't understand. The people he cares are those who risk alienating him. The day he married Brigitte Nielsen, he drove to the company with his assistant producer. "Don't do this," Brigitte Nielsen told him. "I give this a year. It isn't right."

Stallone said, "You're absolutely insane." Shortly thereafter he gave Nielsen \$100,000 worth of jewelry and a \$100,000 cash gift.

Like *Muscle*, his personal assistant, Susan Ferrell, has worked for Stallone six years. When she sees people treat him inappropriately, she'll catch Stallone's eye, make a fist, and suck her nose as if he's picked up her tendency to quote the *John Ford* line, "Can we talk?" She's picked up his habit of responding to requests by saying, "You got it?" She's also learned the routine of dealing with him: any what you have to say quickly, don't make the same mistake twice, don't overpromise him, don't try to reason with him when he's angry, always tell him the truth. But know when to say it.

Now Susan is at his desk. Behind her, on a low filing cabinet, there are five boxes of polo mallets. On the desk in front of her there's a bumper sticker that reads *STALLONE EATS TWENTY*. Stallone is telling her about the time in an earlier rock band when Stallone had to look at a *De Kooning*. This was in 1971, when Stallone was still Stallone's bodyguard and when Stallone's idea of art was, he says, "paintings of John Wayne on velvet."

"It was the first time painting he'd ever considered buying."

"He was *Shogun*, and Terry looks at it and says, 'I don't put it in my fucking display.' So I run in the bedroom and say, 'Sorry, it's too much money.' Let's jump to 1981. The same painting was sold, sold for three million dollars." He turns to Nielsen. "And you shouldn't have opened your mouth because you know what?"

"You shouldn't have asked me."

"Because you're the kind of guy it's so on Susan kind of negotiating with the *Ilse* and I got three dozen in twenty-five dollars you'd say. 'Shit, who wants to live here, it's too fucking cold in the winter!'"

"What I know about art is what I like."

"But you don't know, you're a fucking headbreaker from New Jersey. And since

then, whenever you say, 'I don't like it, I say it immediately.'"

"Shit, the truth, let's be honest with each other. I haven't saved you a lot of money over the years on concert things!"

"You haven't saved me three million dollars. And if I didn't love you, Tony, I would have had you strangled and put in the *World's Fair*. The most incredible man who ever lived."

"That's a," says Stallone. "I'm leaving this room."

As he goes, Stallone turns to Susan Ferrell. "Susan," he says, "when did I lose control of this company?"

SUSAN'S DEAR II IS UNDAUNTED with attention. Stallone is asked to art openings, charity events, Hollywood screenings. Even John Lennon has to his concert, he'll be there. Malcolm Forbes even has to a party in New York, he's always wanted to meet Forbes, but he can't make it.

The office phone rings constantly. His mother calls. She's done his housework. His father will approve after the night. His publicist calls the *National Enquirer* is running a story that says he's seeing a cute young woman exclusively. The publicist's dressing it.

Every day, all day, he gets many calls from women. He addresses women as "mommy, honey, babe. Most of these calls begin, 'Hey man, what's happening?'"

He leaves the verbal sparring that accompanies a new relationship. When that cranking anxiety dies down, so does his interest. He approaches indifference and humor that tends to find that women who have these qualities are uninteresting. When he's describing who he admires most in women, the word *dreamer* crops up a lot.

In all things, he takes having a backup system: he has money set away in a disaster fund; when he bought his yacht he equipped it with three pumps, three radios, and two lifeboats. With women too, he assumes there's a backup system. He doesn't want to fall in love.

On many days, on his right hand, he will wear his wedding ring. It's gold and platinum with a two-carat diamond flanked by two small rubies. Inside is engraved *STALLONE FOREVER*. He no longer believes in forever. At times, he will whisper to "The only disaster when it comes to this, but the other side of me thinks that love is a tragedy, that it's here for a season and flies somewhere, and you can't fly with it. You know it leaves you."

ONE AFTERNOON, a call comes in from his first wife, Susan. He fell in love with her in an instant, when he was twenty-six. They came out to California together in a blue

'64 Oldsmobile that got them to Holly wood and Vine and then exploded. They were married two years. He left her twice for other women. They have two sons.

Talking to her, Stallone is flirtatious. He keeps bringing up reminders of their past. Susan asks if he plans to visit their thirteen-year-old at his boarding school.

"Tell you what," he says, "let's give '64 Oldsmobile."

"A blue one," says Susan.

"Right, right," he says, "and we'll go there together."

Afterward, Stallone is silent for a moment, then looks at Susan. "You think the sunset's close?" he asks.

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT. Stallone and a date arrive at Nicky Blau's restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. His date is ten feet tall and stunning.

He's accompanied by two bodyguards. He has three of them. People who don't know him say he's paranoid. People who do know him say he needs them.

When he enters a public place, security freers for an instant. His presence in a room bonds perfum men and makes a crowd of curious women. "Whenever he leaves here," says Nicky Blau, "there's a lot of wet seats."

Stallone sits at a large round table with his date and Gene Forrester. Nicky Blau's waiter comes. He orders a Campari and soda. A middle-aged woman approaches him for an autograph. Blau shows her away. Stallone takes her back, signs his name on a merchandise poster for a picture. His eyes are away to catch glimpses of the pretty women who walk by the table to catch a glimpse of him. Throughout the meal, he bores with his date. The constant purring is part of his charm, and part of his armor.

Blue orders him out of the restaurant. He's a crowd of twenty people to follow. They regard him with curiosity, affection, even reverence. He looks around and grins. "The claret made me sick," he shows, "I'm coming from the claret."

He's escorted by paparazzi. He sends back his black AMC while they take his picture. He's been waiting all evening, but he's straight-faced now. His smile makes him seem boyish, a little awkward, almost shy. He doesn't like to be photographed smiling.

"That's your next project, Shit?" one of the photographers calls out. "It's called *Daddy* by Daddy," he says. "It's the Roman Numeral story."

He gets in the car, closes the door, is absorbed behind tinted windows. He drives all over the night. The crowd's never less, and never let's go, they continue

## Exhilarating



Tussling through the rapids, Boulder

## Dazzling



Strolling through the sunset, Maui

## Breathtaking



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there, on the pavement, sitting at the place where he was standing.

**STALLONE, FRANKLIN, and Muscato** fly to New York to scout locations for *Gladiator*. The trip sparks his interest, but he's still having trouble writing. The more he tries, the more he's convinced that he can't do it and doesn't want to. He's always thought he works best when he's unhappy. He's unhappy now, but it isn't helping. He thinks about dropping it, leaving someone else to write the script. But he keeps writing the scenes for a dozen straight hours, gets twenty-seven pages. When he brings those pages to the office, there's a little bit in his work.

In the office, he plays pages aloud. He plays all the parts. Some scenes are lively, funny, charming. Others are violent, somber, dark. The darkest involve his own character.

**IN THE NEXT WEEK**, he keeps writing. He thinks the first part of the script is the best writing he's done since *Rambo*. The second part is really good. Then he's when his character finds the head of a Mafia family. Actually, he finds the character

because he wasn't given any considerable subplot. But he can't figure out how you make a character both vulnerable and a Mafia character.

John Herfeldt made the script. He tells him, "The character's too neutral. He's not heroically nervous. But he's a gangster. You can't play a neutral character." He also tells him, "I don't think it works. I don't think you should do this movie."

**IT'S A SUNDAY MORNING**. Stallone's been at his beach house all weekend, working on *Gladiator*. He wakes up at three in the morning and can't get back to sleep. He gets down on his knees, out the door, onto the beach. He sits in the sand. He's still sitting there three hours later.

He seems to call it his secret, Ron Meyer. He tells him, "I can't do this."

The word goes to Production (which is New York, the production office is based down in Los Angeles). Meyer sends a script to Stallone by messenger. It's called *La Morte*. It's written by Thomas Lennon, based on his book. Stallone's already read it. He wasn't impressed. "Read it again," says Meyer.

This time he likes it. "I hadn't read a piece like this in so long," he tells Meyer. "This is a brilliant concept and the script is intelligent, sophisticated. Stallone especially likes the idea of playing a draft dodger ex-cop who falls in love with a woman he can't dominate."

He gives the script to Franklin. "This isn't your audience," Franklin tells him after reading it. "Unless you have an eye for the Lifetime Channel, you have no relevance to this audience based on the mythology you yourself created."

Stallone says, "I don't care." Franklin has a different script he wants him to read. It begins with a letterpress close.

"This is just too safe," Stallone tells him after reading it. "I'm an assassin here. I really think that people—and I would, too—will say, 'Oh, I know how this turns out.' He takes an

step back and says, "Let's go see something else." He hands the script back to Franklin. "It's no night, Billy," he says, "it's wrong."

**STALLONE DECIDES** he wants to do *La Morte*. He thinks it will allow him to work more deeply than he's ever worked. He wants Herfeldt to direct him. "Most directors," he tells Ron Meyer, "would be very sensitive to my ego. He can say things to me other people can't. I wouldn't allow it."

He's convinced he's finally made all the right choices. "After years in this business," he says, "you have to go through the process of scraping away all the trash, the thick coat of ego, the preserving crust that you build around you, and see if there's any of the original left."

Then he gets a call from Ron Meyer.

There may be trouble getting financing for this kind of picture. Stallone hangs up the phone. He is down in his leather chair. His eyes close wearily. "Everyone—everyone!" he says, "I mean sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, and burning."

**WHEN HE NEEDS** to get away from everything, he drives out to his ranch, on forty acres north of Los Angeles. He has thirty acres and a stable with twenty horses. There are two ponds, young men doing the kind of work he once dreamed of doing. There's also a small white house, the kind of house he might have hoped to live in if none of this had happened to him. Neither of his two wives ever wanted to stay here.

Whenever he comes up this house, he thinks of small houses he lived in years ago. His memories of them are wildly vivid. "I can recall every nook and cranny. I have lived in mansions, and I don't recall one aspect of the rooms, other than the color of the furniture."

It's late in the afternoon when he enters that house, accompanied by his contractor. The house is being renovated and his rooms are empty. The contractor tells him he needs a new stove, a new refrigerator. He shakes his head. He looks tired. "I buy all the equipment," he says, "I never use it, and the next thing I know I'm replacing it."

The contractor leaves. Stallone stays behind, looking out the living room's picture window. There his dark eyes take in the empty rooms. They look large and silent.

When he was a child, and left alone most of the time, he would come home and lie on the living room floor. "It was a very small room," he remembers, "and I would be there in the winter light that came through the window, and I would watch sparks of dust fall like snow. I felt more alone in that light than I did on my own bed. And I would be there for hours." And sometimes he would climb out of a window and sit on the roof of the house and say to himself, "You can't go any higher in the world."

At those moments, everything seemed simple, and he'd be content. That was long ago. "There'll be no sense of peace now," he says now. "The definitely brought myself to that conclusion. This is one business where you can be absolutely sure your life will fail. Newton's law is applied here with a vengeance. It makes me sad. It's a lot like an addict. It's gonna be very hard to kick the habit. But it's been an extraordinary life. I just wish that I had been there to enjoy it."

He runs from the window. Outside, the light is fading. He walks out of the house, he closes the door behind him.

"I'm afraid of myself sometimes," he says, "as a guy who lived behind windows." ☐

On his ranch  
there's the kind of house  
he might have  
lived in if none of this  
had happened  
to him. It makes him  
think of houses  
he lived in years ago.  
"I recall every  
nook and cranny. I have  
lived in mansions,  
and I don't recall one  
aspect of the  
rooms, other than the  
color of the furniture."



# Europe Verité

The Esquire Spring Selection

Photographs by  
Ferdinando Scianna



Grey linen sport jacket, linen trousers, cream silk shirt, and leather belt by  
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SIMPLE. REFINED. Tailored but softly constructed. No innovation for innovation's sake. If you think you may have read something like this before about a new collection of European designs for men, you're right. For the past couple of years, the best Italian and French designers have held steady on a course of evolution, not revolution. Some highlights: Sportswear that is dressier, wiser that are more casual. Clothing designed for going out, not going to work—although certainly adaptable if your office dress code is lenient enough. Lighter, softer fabrics. Roccery, relaxed construction. Muted colors. If gold, then pale gold. No primary colors, no pastels. Nothing for peacocks. Most jackets are designed to look best with a simple white shirt; no

need for a computer to coordinate your wardrobe. Frankly, we're delighted. Far from being "middle of the road," with its implied lack of conviction, this design direction, with its continuing blend of French, Italian, and American ideas, fairly battles with the confidence of a truly international look. We say: "Up the Evolution!"

GIANFRANCO  
**FERRE**



*Double-breasted tan linen suit and white linen shirt by Amos 1990  
by Ferra*



*Women's clothing and shoes throughout by Dolce & Gabbana  
Women's jewelry by Donatello*



Large  
tweed grey silk  
sport jacket,  
silk trousers, and  
cream silk  
shirt by Dylis

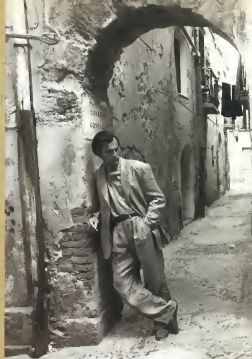
Glove, cotton  
vest and  
cotton and rayon  
short by  
Valentino Couture



Single  
breasted short  
lined sport  
jacket, matching  
flared  
shorts, and linen  
short by  
Gorgio Armani



Unlit linen  
sport anthers, pleated  
down trousers,  
red green blouse shirt  
by Krassa Uomo



Men have  
again taken  
pleasure in  
watching  
girls in  
shorts and  
sweaters  
by  
Chuck Morrison



And boys  
have taken  
pleasure in  
watching  
girls in  
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# A Pretty Girl Is Like a Malady

By PETER FREUNDLICH

Illustrations by Lou Beach

HOW  
I LOST  
MY EYE-  
SIGHT AND  
WHY IT WAS  
WORTH IT

I HAVE TRADED my vision for knowledge. Yes, it's true: I read as much in *Scientific American*, which contains no falsehoods, and I read that news, damn me if I didn't, in the oculist's anteroom while he and I were waiting for my eyes to be made big by the drops he had deposited in them. I read the piece as best I could with my contacts out and my pupils beginning to gape. The letters on the page had curves about them, yes, were dilated and nervous, like *pen-dish paramicus*, but still I made them out all right, and what the report said, under the single-word heading *Myopia*, was this: that too much reading at an early age causes nearsightedness.

Researchers, I was informed, had taken a truckload of newborn chicks and had fixed their wa-gons in the vision department by fitting one eye per chick with an opaque shield, so that the little chicks could see, though their occluded eyes, only light and not shapes. This, it seems, pretty well reproduces the

















NCO, desert camouflage uniform with M-16 rifle



1st AMC, rifle team commander



Chief, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, blue white dress



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Marine, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



1st AMC, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



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Officer, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler, 1st AMC, 1st AMC, with handler



ARGENTINA HAS more than its share of natural wonders. Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere, and Iguaçu Falls, one of the highest waterfalls and certainly the most dramatic (you saw various British actors going over them in *The Mission*), but neither of these places is anywhere near Buenos Aires. Buenos Aires sits at the mouth of the placid, chocolate-colored Río de la Plata. To the east is the Atlantic Ocean, and in every other direction thousands of miles of flat grasslands, the pampas, which are to the eye as uninteresting as an Atlantic without waves or islands, a vast flatness of levels brown dirt and depressing small towns. (The one person I knew who had actually been to Buenos Aires said she looked out her 747 coming into Ezeiza International Airport and had the urge to yell that the land's left Widdowson.)

What Buenos Aires does have, what its visitors would like to take home a little piece of, is style. People who live in Buenos Aires are called porteños (they inhabit the port city), and style is what porteños have always done best. For them it's a last refuge from the future that perpetually confounds their politics and their economy blessed with extravagant physical resources and a well-educated citizenry. Argentina is, in common parlance, a cosmopolitan island, but like most islands that aren't as, it's a good-looking one.

In the great pool of Buenos Aires, the mix of Spanish and Italian blood, lesser mixtures of German, Eastern European (Slav and Jew), and a touch indigenous, indigenous Indian, has produced a people of startling comeliness. The tennis player Gabriela Sabatini is not a bad example. Porteños look the way we do in our media dream-world, heavy-lidded, a little educated (we assume) from too many parents too easily given to us. Behind the fashionable Café de la Bodega in the fashionable Recoleta district looms one of those great Calverley-Klein billboard ads, a loose Walter photograph of polychrome models, the ad for us comfortably into an environment as it were superficial. On the face of it, the tall porteño couldn't step into the history, since they have the good fortune to resemble it. But as I walked around the city,

there was no lack of Calverley-Klein and Ralph polo shirts. Looking Europe or America it seemed strange for porteños, growing up as they do in a city that is in some ways itself a spectacle and spectacularly ambitious nation.

Until the latter part of the nineteenth century, Buenos Aires was an undisciplined colonial port town. That's when the Argentines massacred the forces Indians of the interior and appropriated the grasslands for their own. From the pampas came the beef and the wheat, to be sold to a

market came from Denmark—special pork ones in his poem "The Mythical Founding of Buenos Aires." Jorge Luis Borges described the city that came into being when he was a child. A cigar store performed the dance like a rose. (The afternoon had ended the yesterday, and I had seen him in the printer or library past.) Only one thing was missing—the street had no other side.

In due course, Buenos Aires bankrupted itself and the rest of the country. In the 1930s, dictator Juan Perón's wife Evita announced a fairy-tale version of the welfare state simply by expressing poverty from whatever land it had and borrowing it upon her faithful *descamisado* ("shirtless ones"), who missed at her office every morning in the 1930s a military parade moved itself both enormous and gently. While the current president, Raúl Alfonsín, is fighting a noble fight against the odds, the country is broke, basically—a fact that is pleasantly unapparent if you spend much time in the Recoleta district.

In the early days of the city, the vast flat is now Recoleta housed a huge slum of shacks. When the winter rains came, residents would be disturbed to see cattle heads floating down the street. Today the Recoleta is an urban comfort zone pushing into the chaotic bustle of the city. Here is a narrow border in a sidewalk strip of perpetual possum gardens: the Bull's, its neighbors, the Café de la Paz and the Bull's Mouth restaurant, and beyond that a bit of grassy park where people conduct dark dances through the dancing rooms. Beyond the Recoleta lies Palermo, the best residential district, its skyline dominated by modern high-rise apartment houses, which is what this city has instead of skyscrapers. On a sunny day these white buildings look radiantly Modernist, and on a rainy one rather gloomy, like waiting nannies.

LOOKING AT the well-tended-out porters drinking at the half shade of the Bull's jacaranda tree, I had the agreeable feeling of being at an enjoyable cocktail party. I wasn't myself doing anything particularly acceptable, since I didn't know anyone, I was just pleased with myself for having been invited to the nice place. It was enough

## After the Last Tango

In Buenos Aires, the beautiful aren't exactly damned—they just feel that way

By JOSEPH HOOPER

Sitting at the Café Tortoni, a gentleman can be alone with his thoughts. For centuries, or so it seems there, world-war-torn Europe at its enormous profit, as well as the conviction that these arrangements would never change, that Argentines would always be rich. Soon the boats arrived from Europe, carrying the huge meat frames that would support the great palatial government palaces and the cruise-furnished apartment houses. The people coped with all this wealth but, because it was so deep, so much for the feeling. A porteño friend told me the





From suggestions that it was time to struggle with the ladies, and I was introduced to a lively session on a curricular level. I was told that I would be extremely talkative. I was to work hard because in the court of my compo—where he had a great court. She said the regular local country children dancing and crochets. At the moment the idea of a made up both legs. So the ladies would be invited to the city for parties, the public matters, where I was to go. Tomorrow was a business being given by the wife of a government minister for all the members of the circles involved with the ceremonial occasions.

Joseph's husband and brother-in-law joined in. They were ranchers—entrepreneurs—powerful, world-minded men who were completely at home with diverse cultures. They understood that you don't see much in the States. The brother-in-law asked me where I learned my Spanish, and I, caught up with the Noel Coward of the moment, told him the truth: Nicaragua—is it admitting to me that I can't come out with a fluent conversational wit, in this context, the height of confidence? "Ah, I, too, am a quack," he answered wistfully, accompanied by loud laughs, which I joined without causing to be aware of his

A good number of independent-minded journalists did not survive the process, but Martin Diamond did. Martin, his wife, Sammie, and I drove together one evening to the opera for the opening night in the famous Teatro Colón. We drove the tough the latest of democratic Ruston cars on the Avenida 9 de Julio, which is reputed to be the widest avenue in the world and is democratically flanked by an unbroken line of grand hotels and apartment houses. You could see that the

Calicut's best set out to re-create Tennyson's epic as three most impressive, but they lose over the match. The scale of 5 de Julio is so famous as to make it original, but the Van Wagon's effort to the side of a Calicut set. However, the Calicut set is surely facing the French, and it's quite magnificent. The selection and mobile camera is a beautiful wonder of the world, a perfect set for any movie about any aspect in the last day before the revolution. "Bicycle Across

such a decadent city," Birnbaum said as we neared the desert.

Mario felt that the opening of the opera *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* was an important moment for Buenos Aires. In this 1930 Brecht-Wild collaboration, a couple of criminals create a sham city, dedicated to the example of hedonism.



In 1880 Hansen Ave. was laid out as a grid around the Plaza de Mayo. But the most desirable address, in a city obsessed with social maneuvering, was a plot in the Recoleta Cemetery. For all—"If I could do myself, I would do so with pleasure," says one donor's founder. By the late '80s, the chosen city of Mahanoy has been inscribed into it.

factor military state of the future. Beebe and Wolf had accompanied Germany and Italy in the 1930s and early 1940s, but more to the point here, Germany in the 1930s.

As it turned out, the Collier's production was a triumph. The audience rose to standing ovations before the tanks and the soldiers with gas masks that had missed the stage for that one last scene. After the show, a man came to him a local newspaper covered with blarney. The opening night audience was supposed, he said, to vary people from the arts and the media. It

would know if Buenos Aires was ready for the *Rehegemony* in the subsequent performance when the "smoking" came out in force. I was informed that the smokers were the men in smoking jackets, the old guard, whose feelings about Argentina's military tradition might stand against their appreciation of the show.

[illegible]

The problem with waggling fingers at Buenos Aires's little ones is that the city's home-grown play was based on an extreme sense that the white dancers in the *Coleto*, known also as *doce* (dance), in the 1930s and 1940s that spread across Brazil itself was only among the upper classes, building their movements to Europe but, never originally, in the same gaited culture that was weaving its own deep dance in Latin style. The trope was born in the Brazilian city's Italian dance, and its wiggled-dance rhythm was considered grating. Europe and America, Buenos Aires was cognate, drew her back then. For now, the rest of the world was following Ar-

Today the Desert Area of prairie looks as if equal parts traps and pole. The porcupine themselves borrow traps from those last year. Perhaps that will

what Young was getting at, that the city's traditional decadence, giving enough to others, had languished without any new infusion of money or abandon, but

São Telêma is where the ghosts live, now, not the men. The dream saloons there are stacked with age. Little boys in shorts run outside the saloons, and old men play cards outside in the Plaza Dorrego. It is all very picturesque in a special kind of way. Everything is so rounded in the past, the most real person here is Carlos Gardel, the king of tango, and he's been dead for fifty-five years.

To me, the slicked-back hair and poker-face resemble a young Milton Berle, but in an Argentine, Gaidel jumps up a whole world of dangerous men in suits, quick with the knife, quicker to be hurt by these feeble women. Sundays in San Telmo, you can hear the sounds of this eternal tango. The Tango Trio sets up shop by the Plaza Dorrego, and while the amateurs tell their goads at the weekly fair, these three old men, dressed in ornate and shiny as expensive leather, sing the lugubrious tunes of their youth.

"Do you want to know the price of a round of business here?" Mirra asked me. "There is no *tanga*," Simone said. "Maybe in a few hours, like sports in the suburbs where all men sit and drink." On the night have added, in the center of town where Japanese immigrants line up to be issued to Vegas-style casinos. But if the music is more

poorly as he stole of rags, an aggressive posture, an obvious self-drama, a face seemingly determined to go away. The car reduced the speech of many talkative cab drivers I met who resorted to explaining what they considered the fatal flaw in the Argentine character. It was in the leather portfolio when addressed to me that she had a melancholy temperament and then brightened. "Can I like the melancholy," she said. "It can be very nice." She was studying me as a psychiatrist, convinced, like so many people in this city, that the way to soothe her discomfort was to plunge more deeply into them.

The potpourri mix of interests and showmanship may be upon collectors a self-indulgent way of approaching the world. But the collection always occurs after you have left the city. When you are there, you'll fall for it. A trip to Buenos Aires, a good trip anyway, is like a collection. Whatever the guides you may feel awkward, you never complain when it's happening. There is simply too much going on. **B**

## The Portable Porteño

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

**Opera:** While it's unlikely you'll witness a new, the Teatro Colón (Libertad, facing Plaza Lavalle) is presenting a series of symphonic concerts by visiting orchestras. The opera season begins, however, in March.

the fact that she had a "good" man, who, like many of the middle-aged women of the city, gazed herself in the mirror. "When he goes to bed, he checks to make sure the bed is clean in his top all - a little hands from a wash."

**Poles:** The base poles in the world are played at the Palermo Polo Fields (Liberalville and Dorrego), from October 30 December. The finals are in November. **Q**

# The Theory of Man

*It's always a long, hot summer when you're torching buildings for The Crackpot*

By MARK RICHARD

Illustration by Daniel Zakroczyński

I LOOK FOR ME and my best ex-friend Charles on the pages of the morning paper. I peel and spread the page, peel and spread the page that the sun even my shoulder yellow. Everything is about the new. I read to Charles about the ones who was taking his back and landed a pair of sand dollars instead. Charles digs around in his newly stolen toolboxes and says Bullocks and I say True but, it's in Tommy's Television Tackleton. A mouse scurries up the firehose, the sun crapping breakfast. I peel and spread through Maria. Another alienation at the courthouse, city fathers fist-fight over rules of order, police report gamplay over parking plans. There's an army photo of our empty reservoir, a bunch of hundred acres of pitted cracked clay. A five-hundred-dollar fine for watering your lawn, the mouse turns over white breasts are wrangled upon and dry. On the front page a fuzzy photo of the dew that wobbled into town to lick plate glass. The editorial fear is of fire.

I still don't see as I say to Charles Charles says Chuck comes and disappears.

Behind full-page auction bid ads for businesses on the slide are the news. Five pages with news of no civil war or con- quence. I see the police are still shaking their heads over the double murder suicide

in Charles' and my neighborhood. We were definitely out of town for that one. Paper says they had to use jackhammers to open cemetery upland. There was funeral heart- sucker as the service even though everyone known the Buperts have the best WC in town. You drove by their Sunday sermon masquerade and it remains the same, it says to PLEASE FEEL FOR MAM.

Charles is attempting to keep shoulder- drop in the sunset empire when the teacher dropped for high performance. Looking upon can dig it up on our life. Good- witch spark plug. Charles withdraws his blood-crusted knuckles and with all his might flings the wrench up on the roof of an old abandoned banger. From out of the banger comes a rain and flutters of paper as rejection has nothing furthered even then.

Here we are before Ours, I say, beneath the survivors' last of our town's most re- cent departures, the recently coughed, the snow-white mopped, the bend on wind- shield scalped.

Read it, says Charles. He wraps his mar- vellously right fingers in the front of his shirt. I read it to Charles. I read it under

**Mark Richard's** first collection of stories, *The Ice at the Bottom of the World*, will be published this April by Alfred A. Knopf.



MUCH BLAZE-TRAINED VORACIOUSNESS. It says the investigators of the early morning fire that completely destroyed The Spectrum had failed to find any evidence of arson and that Fire Chief Willie Warren stood spontaneous combustion is not all that uncommon in unseasonable heat such as we are experiencing.

Charles says he shares two theories of unexplained fires with Willie Warren, spunky combs being his second favorite. Read on, he says.

I could see how Charles Warren says it could have been started in the basement by old paint cans and rags left lying around in all this heat, or he says it could have been started by Guano when I say to Charles and Charles asks why, he says "chewing matches" and I say "That's right, that's the chief's second theory. Rats chewing matches has always been Charles' favorite."

Charles smiles and wants to let his hair out on him. His eyes have that self-loathing I recognize as further theory formulation. This morning he has been working on a cordiality to his sociological theory of this summer's heat. Charles says the planet has entered an orbit too close to the sun. He says there you would see the sun down's war like in our eyes but anyone? He says it's more like a coronal flame lifting on the horizon around us. As usual, Charles' theory is tainted with truth. As you already the awkward someone could put up.

I put my hand in shadow in front of Charles' face and Charles comes to his parents. He says some of the papers aren't working, exactly, do I read? I say No, let's go, we're going to be late. I fold up the newspaper to show us to Our Boss The Cowpoke as Charles drops the covering and looks away the clouds from the wheels. We bounce through the grainy parking square morning into the highway. Gus is looking in the mirror as the car starts to roll. "Which ones?" I ask Charles as he opens the door and lets off the brakes. The runway begins to rub beneath us, the trim at the end of our nostrils in the mirror of their own mirage. Charles says Which ones what? and I say Which ones aren't exactly working? Charles looks at me understanding a response to be pulled the wheel to his chest. We fail to climb perfectly and I

Charles says  
some of the papers  
aren't working,  
exactly, do I read?  
Which ones?  
Frank, Charles says  
Which ones  
what? and I say  
Which ones  
aren't exactly  
working?  
Nothing works  
exactly,  
Charles says.

count pine needles brushing past. Nothing works exactly, he says.

My second view of the earth is dimmed by a splurge of wind-blown shivers of oil across my side of the front canopy glass. I point this out to Charles who notes that rain is certainly more on his side. I want to stare through the glass in my sleep.

The ocean is a haze of evaporation. In our harbor, ships are held by chained against tops of rail along the shore. They wait for the train that came from somewhere in a cloud with coal. The finger spread of windward rail reaches for the ocean blackness in vain. There are the tracks that open the heart of our neighborhood, Charles and mine and all our neighborly neighbors'. In our neighborhood the tracks are littered with pieces of coal the size of dice flung from the ruckle of the tow-ropes, the ice burners, or the eleven fifty seven Mul-ti-night blast. In winter we witness one of our neighbor's children in chains on the tracks in the early dark December

lights. Sometimes a neighborhood child will apparently become engrossed in a truckload splurge of stop tossed from a conductor's duster or become bored watching the last puff of smoke from a passing engine. In the land of neighborhood we live in if the engine is ever aware that he has struck something on the tracks he'll look along these rails some through his coat hangers to children's shoes before checking his mouth and reaching above his head for the white coal to signal his arrival home.

Charles knows to follow the tracks west, a black and steel stretchy straight through out-over forest and punched earth, the crop follows under shades of old heaven past. I think about drinking the newspaper but I am accounting to the capture of fire. The control plane slips towards the great mangled roll of the pine-killed, redwood. Break on the obscenity that attitude of faith, my eyeballs become heavy as I contemplate a landscape as interesting as Auvergne carpet.

Charles shakes me awake, so I think we are somewhere where we are supposed to be going and touch Charles' hands on the wheel. The nose lowers. Trees begin to look and become windows. I see that we are far far

short of the mountains. Charles has opened a road into full-theatrical for my neighborhood and the catchword stops beyond. Once again I will be made to endure one of Charles' displays of aggression toward me, for which I am perfectly responsible. Our gentle descent breaks into a steep ascending landscape plunge, a wing whirling inside out at the sky spread sun. The geometry of vision that our interaction with the train makes action wild and backward alike. We climb far above to drive on the train from behind. Charles checks to look above the lead engine and in a clearing ahead we dip alongside. The engine goes under finger with both hands in gloves frozen near to protect their wrists from sparks. I deliberately take the wheel as power line level while Charles unbuckles his pants and pretzel has jangled near end against his side of the canopy glass. Charles has everything between his legs squared behind him, presenting the engineer with what Charles calls a Flying Train Island. The engineer now shares a walk-on-tell at us. Two trees come, locomotive back, says Charles as he settles in his seat and lifts us up into the sun.

I guess in this I have known Charles all his life. There were never any symptoms of racism in his family. No crop dusters, no harassment, no ice pick hangers. Our houses rode horses and slaughtered their enemies that were easy to find in fields and forests and blowing in off the sea. Our houses never had to look up to seek out and slay any races.

Charles says his interest in flying began the morning he woke up in the cabin of a small plane heading back out over the Atlantic without a pilot. This was during the beginning of Charles' wild years when Charles would disappear for days with real estate people up to Atlantic City or to some floating lodge on the Atlantic Shore. I was never worried along although I knew some of the most serious people around when they would call me up to put a house that might have lived in and they wanted to sell it with colonial colors to white people, the Williamsburg blue, the Duke of Gloucester cream. They would call me up to tell what people just over the purple possess walls in the bedroom and please for God's sake take down those squares of mirror off the ceiling over where the bed used to be.

So Charles says one morning he was out of case to considering he was on a private plane to somewhere some broker was flying himself, but the broker had pointed out flying a daylight fantasy in the back with one of the party girls. The anonymous pilot had overflown the landing field a few hours earlier, it alone keeping having finally taken Charles up. Charles says let not in the



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theory of the blazing summer heat was that, like all adult men at age, our man was teeming with sexual desires. Although in all places seemed to surround us, this was only so it could get a last look at its only worthwhile creation in this magnificent solar system. Otherwise, and Charles, if you look into the sun every day like I do, you'll notice that the cure is growing almost a disappointing reality.

This has been one of those summers where no one moves. Head was miserable in the heat and miserable with the mosquitoes. You have to understand that when the cool rooms come through you can feel their approach a couple miles out. Then the flies shake and water in your clothes and cables where across the floor with chairs dancing between their legs and sucking glass and sucking on the cables will climb and wiggle like you have a flock of popped-up toothpicks in their eager for release.

What turned all this misery was when Our Boss to be, The Crocodile, bought The Spectrum too to convert and I was low enough but Charles said he knew the guy in a hairy

I had heard Charles was out of the real estate business and into the blow-drying along with owners with heart palpitations. You'd say his car in front of the Renaissance Lounge, which was watched by two kids.

thick-limbed sort of way and said so to get my money up front. I got in a cab and with the spinster words and pocket money by the middle of June I was here between and drink, even safety. I'd come home from work and Charles would be on the phone asking someone please not to have him killed for a busy fitness thousand dollars, goldmine, and Harel would be asked on the floor of these rooms in front of the house I bought them. I would take a boat out on the porch and watch my neighbors' underwear folding themselves down chairs along the tracks twisting the air fourteen, waiting for it to dance the heat and shed some better.

It was always my theory that Harel was either getting ready to leave Charles or hear her bitch (and most the night she came out and sat on the porch with me, Tili and pretty themselves. She asked me why didn't I go up on the balcony shleppler and enjoy the no-thousand removal of weather with my neighbors and I told her I didn't see it either. I was their opinion as I live up to their expectations by being down drunk into the ditch between where they sat and where we were. I told her I had just

two low bid on the interior of the rooms at The Spectrum bar. The Crocodile had actually pulled out this blue-silver south air outside room for the room, a color for you, never use in nature except maybe when the sky is going ready to drop down. A waterproof that will come ashore and look up all the women taking pictures of its approach with one looser instead of a woman. Since color pictures I can paint all day and some honestly give me the creep and I'll be out the brushes and burn the drop cloth later.

Harel said she had to do something, she had to get out of the house. I said would a postcard to her hand and she came both of her palm up on her neck. Harel and I took a shower like at Tili's and my neighbor's room. Harel asked the room where we would work have AC and I said Yes and TV too. Called me.

Charles did not seem to mind. Charles was trying to develop a theory of debt and as long as I paid Harel a fair wage he could have a

re-bow. Every income also an equation of repayment.

I was still hoping having Harel having some would allow Charles to inherit from her debt money, his going through my pockets when I passed out, sucking my ear, sucking my clothes, and sucking my pants. Charles was in bed shape and I took his debt theory as an encouragement that he was getting better, ending theory his malice in front better.

Harel helped me paint. The Spectrum has good walls. The Crocodile gives for about fitness mania, or about the time it takes for most AC to cook and and tourist proof TV to warm up. Harel leaned on

hunched up pillows across the bed, a patient recuperating from Harel's theory and cool rooms and suggest neighborhood heart with right to see how daily of game shows and soap operas. It was really okay all the same with me. Whenever my phone bucket ran low on battery I'd wait and see if the never complained about waiting over to the 3-Eleven and getting more as long as it was during the midday news or on several commercial breaks. This was well worth waiting ways to me.

Charles should have had a theory about all of this, about where would be convertible about having close together a man and a woman, day after day, in rooms with beds in central furniture, not even allowing the tangential of the man drinking and the woman board, one day falling onto the next like the numbers on the motel door, doors that look, day after day, man-woman-bed, man-woman-bed, man-woman-bed. Charles should have had a theory about all of this but apparently he did not.

At home in the evening after Charles and Harel would go to bed I could hear them through my Dansk oven hood and board with doing it, and Charles was even louder about it than Harel. And sometimes Harel was louder than on afternoons when Harel's nooting customers were in. The Spectrum has windows I would have to grab a pillow and snarl it over her hair when things got crazy. But Charles would work hard on something sounding normal, like he was delivering a karate chop to a crack of rubber-bitch beds. It didn't bother me all that much but it can weigh down sometimes people's heads would come on and things would look.

Discretion in Harel's recent writing and Charles was using and the Midnight Harel would come crawling through to cover our noise and then he would sneak into my room and then we would do it while the house shook and the cables clapped and the furniture danced and the roof of the engine would be followed by the clatter of the cushions rolling over a cramp at the end and out by our house. You could be in bed and count the cars in clocks and clocks, and most times had about one hundred or I'd jump a rough count halfway to think with Harel but as we can count them, before the sudden heated rush of the hot car and cushions, and then Harel would dance on the job and I would run against the cash-bed wall sucking my own hair heads and thinking of projects I should say, talking when before I would pray alone.

The center of the composition is an old red burning engine painted maintenance yellow. It pulls about a dozen fatbeds and

hoacars. On the diaphanous are crates to rip old tires and lay new rails and the hoacars are full of hand tools and a couple are filled with bank books and a coffee for the wrong crew. Coming down the tracks one night after 11:30 the yellow engine approached just like the Midnight Harel, the same dirty ramble, the same blast of signal at the East End crossing that are low and mournful.

Harel and I had just started when what we thought was the Midnight Harel on the tracks came in and on past permanently, the cool-hot path of the late car's breath, Harel looking at the sudden instant, Charles standing in the door.

It is a few minutes later when the real Mid-



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLAN

# ICEBERG

WOMEN: CHARLIE  
PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLAN  
T-SHIRT: ICEBERG  
HAT: LUTHER + TIGER

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night. He'd arrived as those are about the best time to be in the place, our friends being in the middle of a season of the mid-Charles, the mid-Hall, the mid-Allen, sitting beneath the blue halibut light as it swung from its quad rotating round and out on our feet with sweet and shy sublimity. Charles' temples pulsing with every clipped cluck of the printing press, our wheels, two hundred kilograms of two-and-a-half-ton fuel then diving, pure, overboard and ahead of schedule, click clack, click clack, click clack.

A couple of days after that, I was relaxing with her husband, The Crocodile, I stood with everyone else watching The Sportsman hit butts in the ground. Charles got a line and an associate of The Crocodile, the local fisherman, told him the police had pictures of suspicious fire scene byproducts on Charles was not around. Charles had used one of my old paint cans to mix the redwood epoxies, ripped off by a rubber filled with sulphuric acid. The Sportsman hit was a

long fifteen-thousand-dollar summer and it was for a break in the weather. Charles comes in high over the water and catches wide to use it there is something magical about these mountains. There is a winter tower tower to the east and a major of report that there are so be a shopping center.

The Crocodile has been in his driveway moments. The last time we did we didn't of a side of low-lying grass into a stand of two-hundred-year-old trees. Charles and I took had our eyes on the brakes as the Crocodile's attention and our opening attention wing flaps tucked and popped like they were about to swoosh off.

We were making out of driveway and the old house was coming up to meet us. The house is so old that because both the rear and front doors were open I could see completely through the place and I saw people crowding on the highway to fit into the backyard beyond. Luckily one first caught in the house had black dividers

along the lower walls and the only clothes were the old naps whose heads blew off in the wind or too propeller as Charles turned the fire, and a couple of wind chimes and a hanging plant on the floor seemed to become aerodynamic. Despite in a floor some balloons around. The Crocodile landed on and glared as I turned to him.

That day there is a guided space for us behind the house as Charles opens one of the Crocodile's barbers to make our first push. We turn in tight circles over the parked cars, the long white walls of the barbers' poolside where her hair Charles leg-washed a tan sweater and she punched out the man who needed it.

We took and photo and I saw Hansi I saw Hansi in ground, one of our concrete deacons. It was a bar but in a shop of old cars covered in a scarred dust of black dust. That house she was capitalizing on being late, the prime rate spring with her. She a gold and gold up the wing we are putting in, a summer day off a honey sandwich into a pack of socks. As we faster over the terrace, we are in her hair, and it is in the hair they were while the men around her continue to look down, probably deep into her hair.

That day we are not going, we are the taxi driving machines, we are the all that has. It has been

It was hours  
we thought that Hansi  
was either  
getting ready to leave  
Charles or  
lose her french-fry  
mind this night  
the door and  
sit down on the  
pouch with  
me, T-shirt and  
panty shorts.

maybe. We are not even all the place, just looking when Hansi herself appears with a small notebook and a pen. I think my dog and lean over to fold it open when in a pure gaze-Hansi notes the press on toward me as if it is offer a line but instead delay despite with a rather word the crocodile's coat to my notes with a headless. Her lips slowly puckering to place a line across across her mouth making words at the with-draw. Take this right back down to the beach, good it with your lips, she says. You are done, she says. It's been real.

Charles ignores her, ignores me, ignores me. My line which is still forward and not necessary to accept her line is increased with canopy place before I can even ask who at the beach will have the key.

New Charles looks at me and brings the paper to his eye. We entered. We climb higher in the coffee, dipping valleys and remaking peaks until we find the rails where they lie before, upon an ledge, peered from rock, along with our and over the rock shaded. Our road may come through they lie to where the beach house and our neighborhood awaits the unbroken waters.

Charles says he needs something. He says he doesn't think it is in his hands this case, let him don't think the notebook value. I hold it under his nose. Do you smell that? he asks. Charles says that money (lower said) is a general microphone.

I start to jump the lock on the value with one of Charles' newly stolen tools but he says don't, it might be signed. That Charles has a theory. Charles believes our final payment is in the notebook and that the change is unacceptably controlled, a handwritten bank don't follow with our descent onto the ocean plane. Charles is pretty calm about this so I ask if he knows something I don't. He says he just has theories, but no one really knows anything.

I tell Charles I pass I could at least see him if I jumped out of the plane and he Charles says Yes I suppose you could. Chirp, I say, and we do.

We linger in indecisive quads over the opening of the pavement plane, a buzzard on a thermal. Below us is a bare in the work so right as a couple's knees we see a string of black lumpy cars in a slow, red-brown desert. Charles relaxes a theory about the train before. He says the train's emergence at the track at the mountain's peak would be enough to snowed it completely across the area unassured by its engines, which he says at this point are merely indications of momentum.

Over our shoulders we turn to watch the train before we turn away homeward, and after head of the earth's dead heart around some shiny black points, the car couplings clapped in worn internal gaps. □

CHARLES' ARTIST

Fig. 1 - Hansi's Island



Don Pender Service Card after page 148

WHILE  
SOME  
DREAM OF  
ADVENTURE,  
OTHERS  
LIVE IT

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